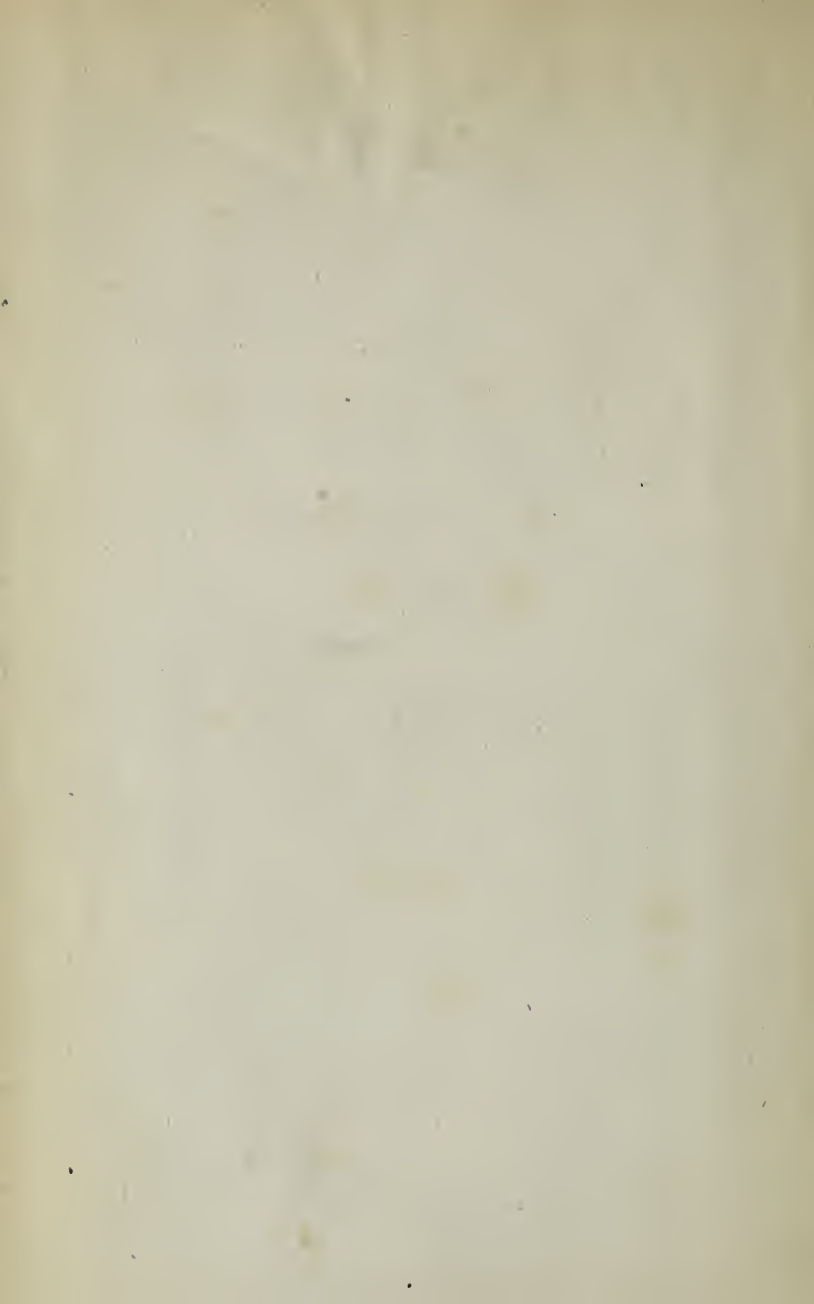




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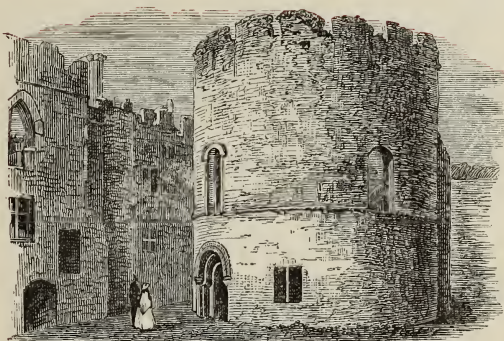
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THE
MASQUE AT LUDLOW,
AND
Other Romanesques.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."



THE BANQUET HALL AND NORMAN CHAPEL, LUDLOW CASTLE.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
MILTON HOUSE, 59, LUDGATE HILL.
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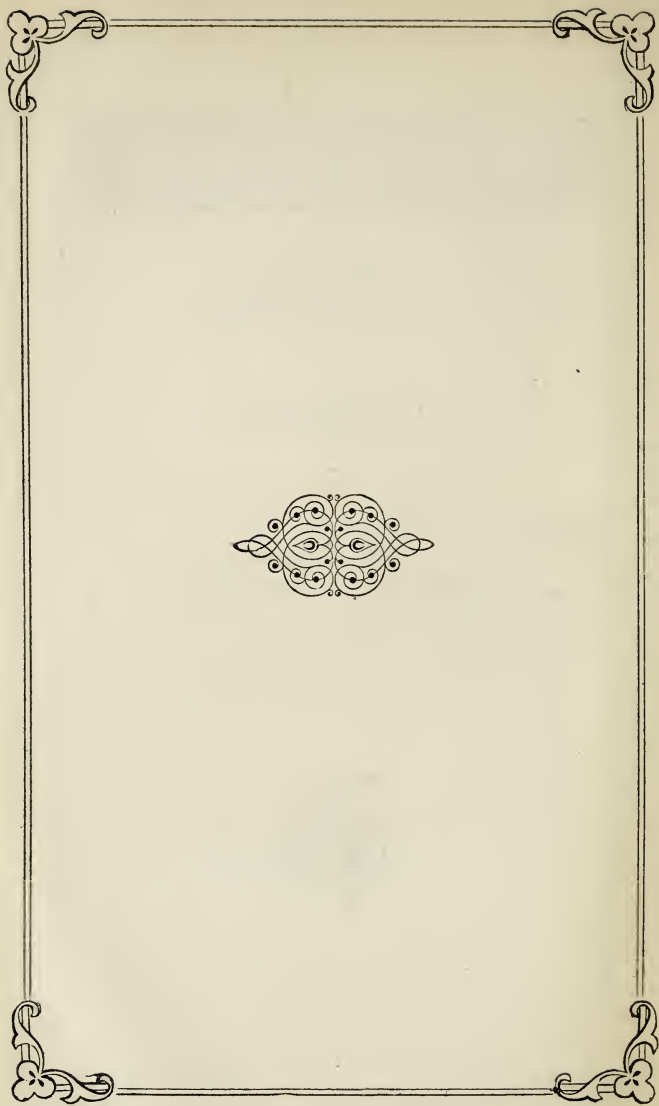
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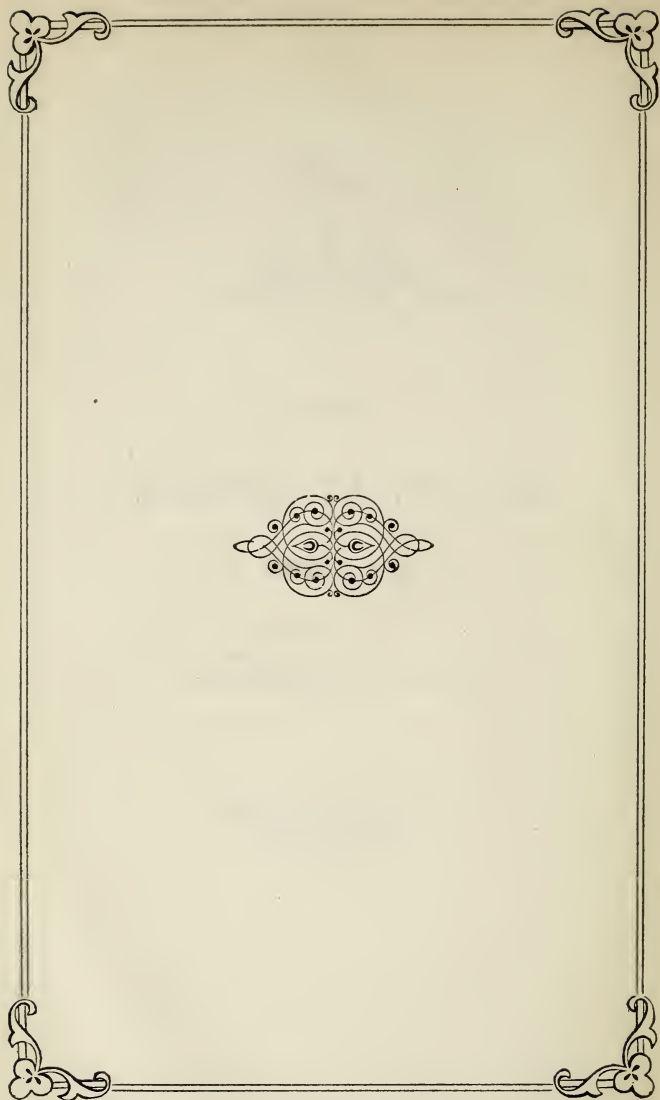


THE
MASQUE AT LUDLOW.

A Romanesque.

—— a dream
On summer eve, by haunted stream.







PROLOGUE.



BENIGN READER,

It was surely superfluous of Snug the joiner to tell the company he was not really a lion ; and I hope it is equally unnecessary for the joiner of the present conceits and scraps of old-world lore to assure you they are not what they pretend to be. These letters have no pedigree, unless forged by the Cheat'em Society, of which, in an innocent way, I am a member.

As said Duke Theseus in his gracious humanity towards the Athenian clowns and

their play of ten lines,—“The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them.” Credit my poor shadows, then, with your imagination ; and, wherein they fall shortest—amend them.

I know not if it be more audacious to make John Milton write than to make him speak ; but, having twice already been guilty of that impertinence towards him who dared put words e'en into mouths of archangels, it seemed but simple, after showing him in his prime and decadence, to attempt an outline of him at an earlier age, full of promises that were to be richly fulfilled.

I only know the Lady Alice through Warton's notes. Questionless, she must have been a rare girl of thirteen, that could personate even passably the Lady in Comus. But—

“How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!”

Lady Alice Egerton married Richard Lord Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, to whom Jeremy Taylor, his chaplain, dedicated his “Holy Living and Dying;” setting his honoured name, he says, before his book, that all those who see it shall, by the fairness of such a frontispiece, be invited to look into it.

Now, the literal frontispiece of my copy of the *Holy Dying** is a curiosity. It portrays a goodly lady’s chamber (Lady Alice’s in fact), paved with lozenges of black and white marble, and richly draped; while, on a toilette near the large lattice-window that might have supported a mirror, is a ghastly

* “Fourteenth Edition. London, printed by M. Flesher for Richard Royston, Bookseller to His most Sacred Majesty, MDCLXXXVI.”

framed picture of a Death's head and skeleton. To this griesly Memento Mori, the goodly chaplain in gown and bands is directing the attention of his patroness. A grave and potent signor on her other hand, bearded and leaning on his staff, draws back in evident alarm; and a little boy, though not her own (for she had no children), drags her away by her dress; but the gentle lady herself regards the chill emblem without dismay, as though she were saying:

“These things may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.”

Jeremy Taylor presented his Holy Dying to Lord Vaughan and Carbery on the anniversary of her death; and he says,—

“This book was intended first to minister to her piety; and she desired all good

people should partake of the advantages which are here recorded. She knew how to live, rarely well ! and she desired to know how to die ; and God hath taught her by an experiment. But since her work is done, and God supplied her with provisions of his own, before I could minister to her and perfect what she desired, it is necessary to present to your Lordship those bundles of cypress which were intended to dress her Closet, but come now to dress her Hearse."

Here then, let these Shakspearian lines be added to sweet Lady Alice's funeral chaplet :

"O, how much more doth beauty wondrous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which in it doth live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;

But, for their only virtue is their shew,
They live unwooded, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves ! Sweet roses do not so—
Of their sweet deaths are sweeter odours made.”





I.

FROM MRS. LANFEAR TO FRANCES, COUNTESS
OF BRIDGEWATER.

This 30th of June, 1634.

MADAM,

For your exceptions to y^e Lady Alice's silence, she through me, humbly craves your Ladyship's pardon; having at present a whitlow on her forefinger, which hindereth her use of the pen. I am happy to report well in all other respects of my gracious young pupill. What shall I say, or rather, not say, of her most sweet conditions? I think Clotho and Lachesis must have been under the influence of Aglaia and her smiling sister graces when they twined

her thread of life. Her memory is wonderful : at once or twice reading she repeats long passages, whether of prose or verse, perfectly by rote, with the most graceful gesture and charming utterance. Her progress in the classics is commendable ; the justness of her remarks improving what she reads, surprises me ; but I am careful not to betray my opinion of her by word or look, rather leaning to a grave severity, making light of her performances, and averring that they fall below the mark. And now, praying that your Ladyship, my Lord, and all your noble family, may enjoy felicity in this world and in that which is to come, I remain your Ladyship's poor servant to command,

MARY LANFEAR.



II.

FROM FRANCES, COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER,
TO MRS. LANFEAR.

LANFEAR,

Alice's finger had best be poulticed with bread and milk, applied warm but not hot ; and afterward, when healing, ye shall apply y^e following :—

Put a quarter of an oz. of benjamin, storax, and spermaceti, two-pennyworth of alkanet root, a large juicy apple chopt, a bunch of black grapes bruised, a quarter of a lb. of unsalted butter, and two oz. of bees' wax, into a stewing-pan. Simmer gently till the wax, &c., be dissolved, then strain

thro' a linnen. When cold, melt it again, and put into small pots, and applie freely to the wovnd.

Your commendation of Alice, my good Lanfear, joys my heart; but ye must not imperill her humbleness and simpleness by bewraying aught of y^e same. Let the child be a child as long as she can; especially with so many elder sisters, some of 'em not so pretty as herself. Sneap and snub her when she needs it. Eating little and speaking little will never do a girl hurt. Young folks put themselves forward now-a-day; more fools the mothers that let them!

My Lord comes down to Ludlow shortly, to take his state in the presidency, and we shall be accompanied by a great concourse of nobility and gentry to grace his entry. We shall pick you and the children

up by the way, or else send you on before. Since the death of my Lord's Countroller of the Household we are all at sixes and sevens.

"He that provides not for his kin,
The Lord will not provide for him,"

and so cousin Dick is preferred to the office ; but I doubt how he will fill it. My Lord has no fears.

Tell Alice though she cannot practise her lute till her finger is heal'd, she may exercise her voice to your playing. Harry Lawes says he has no pupils of better promise and performance than my Penelope, Mary, and Alice ; but he thinks Alice, as she advances in years, will pass her sisters. Ye need not to tell her this. We shall bring down Lawes ; and I have desired him to compose something for y^e occasion that

shall exercise the children's wits and memories. Let Alice drink freely of tamarind-water if she is feverish.

Thine, my good Lanfear,

FRANCES BRIDGEWATER.





III.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

MY FRIEND,

Lady Bridgewater hath commissioned me to prepare a Masque, or Interlude, to grace my Lord President's entry into Wales; and does me to wit that I may employ some passable good poetaster to supply verses tolerable enough for her children to learn by rote, and for me to hang music upon. In a word, will you write them? The credit will be little or none, the obligation great to

Your friend and servant,

HENRY LAWES.



IV.

JOHN MILTON TO HENRY LAWES.

MY FRIEND,

No office of your imposition can be without credit ; yet am I not so greedy of the voice of those who in the general extol or censure amiss, as to care to be known for her Ladyship's poetaster.

So you may command me, good Mr. Harry Lawes, in this matter, since you think it worth the asking, on the sole but express condition that my incognito shall be inviolably preserved.

Granted the Mask, then, you have the Masque. Let me know the number and

ages of the intended enactors, and any other
matter that may assist

Your sincere friend and servant to com-
mand,

JOHN MILTON.





V.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

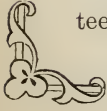
MY VERY WORTHY AND ESTEEMED GOOD
FRIEND,

Your manner of granting my request enhances its graciousness and my gratitude ; and since you insist on the Mask, it shall be scrupulously respected. . You know I am not a novice at this work ; last year I set to music a Masque presented at Whitehall on Candlemas night by the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court ; and the music was worthy of the versing, and the versing of the music, for both, sooth to say, were indifferent ; yet Ives and I received each one

hundred pounds well counted. And though I know not whether our Countess's liberality will extend to that mark, doubtless she will requite us proportionably to her own state and our deservings.

Set your wit nimbly to work, I pray you, for till I get copy from you I can do nothing. The enactors are to be my Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, the Lady Alice, and your humble servant. You may powder freely with classical conceits (the more the better to my Lady's taste), for Lord Brackly, now in his twelfth year, is of rare endowments and acquirements; and Mr. Thomas, turned of eleven, comes not behind him in stature or gifts.

For the Lady Alice, how shall I describe her? She, the youngest and fairest of eleven fair sisters, hath numbered but thirteen summers, but might pass for fifteen.



The justness of her stature, comeliness of her features, symetry of her proportions, and pure tincture of her complexion, might make her supposed one of Calypso's youngest nymphs; yet her outward graces are surpassed by those of her mind. I think Clelia and Cornelia at the same tender years must have been of her mould; or you might deem her Virginia with her satchel, tripping to school. She hath the same turn for study as had Lady Jane Grey and the daughters of More; yet with infinite cheerfulness and pleasantness of humour, frank with all, without the least pride.

For music, her voice and ear are most excellent; and she hath that rare felicity so much insisted on by my good old master Giovanni Coperario (whose real appellation, as I think you know, was Johnny Cooper), that the management of her voice adds such

an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or effort, as that her singing is as lovely to the eye as to the ear.

Now, lest you should think I am writing of a goddess rather than of a woman scarce beyond a child, and in the vein of an in-amorato rather than of a sober, prudent, music-master, I will break off and conclude with an abstrackt of what lately befel these three noble scions of the house of Egerton.

You must know that they, their tutor, and governess, have lately been on a visit at a house of one of the Egerton family in Herefordshire ; and in passing through Heywood Forest they were benighted, and the Lady Alice was even lost for a time. Her brothers, I think, had gone too far into the wood to find her wild strawberries, and she, hunting for them, came upon some wild, uncouth people, who affrighted her sadly by

their rough abroad and outlandish jargon ;
but happily, her brothers, with a country
servant they call Cherrycheeks, came up to
her in a little while, and no harm resulted
beyond the fright.

And now no more from your faithful,
grateful friend and servant,

HENRY LAWES.





VI.

JOHN MILTON TO HENRY LAWES.

GOOD Mr. Henry Lawes, you have told me too much and yet too little ; more than enough to set my fancy to work, and too little to satisfy it. The young lady you speak of must be the rarest creature that ever tripped on the green sward, and will needs be a marvel of perfect womanhood when she attains riper age. The incident of the losing in the forest will aptly form the theme of our piece ; and you, as Cherry-cheeks, elevated for the nonce into Thyrsis, shall speak a prologue, telling how that—

A noble peer, of mickle trust and power,
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide,
An old and haughty nation proud in arms ;

and so forth :

Where his fair offspring
Are coming to attend their father's state,—

but get lost in the wood ; whereon you, Thyrsis (in seeming, that is, but a guardian angel in reality) have flown swiftly to the rescue ; knowing, by reason of your supernal intuition, that great danger impends from a fell enchanter haunting the aforesaid wood, and offering to every belated traveller he encounters a crystal cup drugged with a potion that, once tasted, turns men into beasts.

Having set all this forth, you step aside and make way for this same enchanter, hight COMUS (Intemperance), who entereth

with a charming-rod in one hand and the fatal glass in the other; and with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, well appavelled. These make antic gestures and noises; and then Comus (I know not who shall fill the part) recites what you will find here inclosed. The lines should run off the tongue glibly; and then all knit hands and dance a fantastic measure, the accompaniment to which may have clashing of cymbals, blowing of horns, &c., as at a harvest-home or Whitsun-ale. In the midst, Comus, perceiving that something of virtue and purity beyond common, altogether foreign and adverse to the scene, draweth nigh, makes his riotous rabblement break off and hide among the trees (whence their elvish, satyric faces may from time to time peep out) while he awaits the intruder.

Then (to softest music, mark you, which ceases before her balmy lips uncloze) enters our Lady bright; not in any terror or consternation, but in some natural anxiety at her belated state, and looking wistfully about for those whose voices and music had drawn her to the spot. She enlargeth on her strait in soliloquy, and sings a hymn to Echo (which I send you in the rough) in the hope to make her voice the farther heard. Note, that echo-songs always win favour of the audience: but there is no absolute need to repeat the usual trick of surprising by repetitions of sound, as in Browne's Inner Temple Masque; since this is simply an invocation.

To her enters Comus in the guise of a shepherd; and with his artful, specious tongue pretends passionate admiration of her singing, which she, though so young

and unsuspecting, values at no more than it is worth; but yet addresses him for counsel how to find her brothers, whom he pretends to have seen. And here ensues a dialogue, terse and epigrammatic, which speedily issues in her submitting herself to his guidance. And so they pass out.

Then enter the two brothers—

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips—

(I have seen the young gentlemen—Lord Brackly is black-haired, ruddy, and comely; the younger brother hath blue eyes and yellow locks). What they say you shall know in my next, if this jejune sketch seems to you of promise.

Your friend, as ever,

JOHN MILTON.



VII.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

THE fragments you have sent me are transcendant. Lose no time, I beseech you, in supplying the rest ; and hold yourself in readiness to obey a summons to Ludlow Castle. We are quite at a loss for a suitable Comus, for my Lady says she won't have bearded men play with her children ; solely excepting your highly honoured friend and servant,

HENRY LAWES.



VIII.

JOHANNES MILTON PATRI S.P.D.

PAUCIS diebus abhinc, Comitissa de Bridgewater fabellam, vel, ut ita dicam, *δρᾶμα Σατυρικόν*, a me postulavit. Cujus consilii auctor fuit musicus ille peritissimus, noster Henricus Lawes. Opus autem ea ratione conficiendum est, ut ego carminibus, ille chordis apte congruentibus, personas in scenam inducamus apud Castellum de Ludlow, quò, rei hujus ordiendæ causa, si mihi quidam per te liceat, a nobis est eundum. Cura, igitur, de voluntate tua certio rem me facias, mi pater, atque hoc tibi persuasum habe, te filium habere ut semper amoris et officii erga te plenissimum.



IX.

MR. MILTON TO HIS SON JOHN.

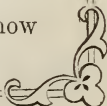
HORTON, BUCKS,

This 20th July, 1634.

SON JOHN,

I have received your Latin letter, and am well content therewith, despite of its shortness, which is not generally the fault you run into, as your sentences are apt to get long-winded so as that a man scant of breath can scarce fail to draw it at the wrong place. I suppose I need not to remind you of the fable, whether of Esop or Babrius, of the two pots, one of iron, the other earth, that came into collision. My Lord of Bridgewater is the iron pot and you

the other ; take care that you be none the worse for him. We have never yet curried favour with the great man, and though he and I live, as it were, next door, I obliged him about the fishing, and he sent me, unaskt, a quarter of doe venison, when I would as lief have had a buck, or else my own mutton. You have not sought him, however, in this matter, but he, or rather his lady, you. We will talk it over next time you come home, but I don't think thy mother much affects it. If you do go to Ludlow, vie with none of them ; rather affect an honest plainness. Neither flatter nor be flattered ; be courteous and pleasant with all, but ever with a comely sobriety. Remember, my son, thine own descent and thine own deservings ; so shalt thou less need that others always remember them. Money you shall have, for use, not for show



or waste ; still less for the pernicious games idle retainers kill time with, but in proportion to my means.

With regard to your Masque, I can have no doubt it will be well done, since you have the doing it. Many traditions still linger among us, especially in country places, wherewith poetry may be aptly enriched. I need not remind you of the precious ore, along with mica, in the old chronicles of Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and others. Whatever you touch you will turn to gold ; but, if you would please your father, let it have a flavour of the old Falernian, a smack of the old classicality with it. Nor yet go too far afield for a subject—

“*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*”

To say more would be to teach him who needs not my teaching. Your mother would

send you her blessing, but she knows not I am writing, being busy in her still-room, wasting ever so many bushels of charcoal to make as many pottles of waters, borage, fumitory, and all the rest, that you and I shall have to dodge the drinking of. Your loving father, so long as you live in the love of God,

JOHN MILTON.



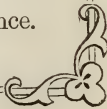


X.

JOHN MILTON TO EDWARD KING.

SINCE you say (though I scarce believe) you have so villainous a cold as to be blind of your Latin eye and deaf of your Latin ear, I will thank you for your letter in the vernacular. You question me as to what I am about, and will perhaps smile in high scorn when you are told. *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*; and I the rather indulge in a transient sport of fancy, that it is to serve the behest of a tried and dear friend.

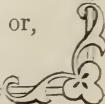
The only time you graced my father's modest roof at Horton, I took you, as you may remember, to Ashridge, anciently a royal palace, in the parish of Gaddesden, in Herts, though bordering upon Buckinghamshire. Do you remember my telling you it was the seat of Sir John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, and relating several traits of his character? And while we sate discoursing, astride a gate overlooking a meadow pied with daisies and fragrant with cows' breath, were we not, as thou rememberest ('tis not so long ago), o' sudden startled by the sharp, snapping bark of dogs, evidently engaged in some petty warfare, which drew us to the scene of it? Two noble imps, with vermeil-tinted cheeks and ardent eyes, were inciting a couple of hounds to attack an urchin or hedge-pig that was setting up its bristling quills in self-defence.



Those lads were Lord Brackly, and his brother, Mr. Thomas Egerton, sons of the Earl of Bridgewater. Upon urgent request I am writing a little play, or satyric drama, in which these young gentlemen and their youngest sister shall welcome Lord Bridgewater to Ludlow. The commission jumps with my humour, and I fulfil it with a peaceful conscience; for I hold that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, and add to every wholesome fruit and root the beast of the field, the bird of the air, and the fish of the river and sea, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of each several man. So that one shall apply to divine philosophy, another to the Fathers, another to Aristotle, another to poetry, and

another even to the drama, so it be pure and chaste.

Misdoubt me not, then, nor condemn me, for writing a Masque, wherein may be introduced pagan and pastoral conceits with no unnatural strangeness. It may be, notwithstanding, that you had heard nought of it, but that I find myself in want of a book you have in your study, of which I would gladly ask the loan. I mean Lavaterus, *De Spectris et Lemuribus*, which lies in your window-seat, along with Olaus Magnus and Georgius Agricola. I found some curious reading in it one day when you kept me waiting. You may send me the others too, if you have a mind, for I shall use them and you will not. I believe you will think yourself well repaid for them if I bring you a great beaupot of roses, coronations, columbines, sunflowers, and daffadowndillies; or,



perhaps a pound of my mother's best butter,
yellow as a cowslip, and printed with a cow
in high relief.

Your loving friend,

JOHN MILTON.





XI.

EDWARD KING TO JOHN MILTON.

No, that I deny! A pat of butter is not an equivalent for a posy, nor a posy for a rare book, especially if sunflowers and dandelions be cheek by jowl with roses and sops-in-wine. I send you herewith not one book but all three; but let my guerdon be a sight of the manuscript when finished. I am hugely curious to see your management of a Masque, encrusted, as it doubtless will be, with dainty allusions. It is a form of composition which neither Ben Jonson nor Carew have despised. Where lies the scene? In Arcadia, no doubt. Who are

the persons? Many or few? Shepherds and shepherdesses, of course. A love-story running through the web like a golden thread. Lovers made happy at last. Then all come forward hand in hand, group in attitudes, sing a chorus, lout low to the noble company, and so an end.

EDWARD KING.





XII.

JOHN MILTON TO EDWARD KING.

THERE may be a higher interest than that of love. My argument is a grave Temperance and holy Chastity. The characters will be few. I am not going to drag in

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque,

merely to knock them on the head. Two brothers will hold an amicable contest between fact and philosophy. The younger draws his arguments from the obvious appearance of things; the elder proceeds on a profounder knowledge, and argues from

abstract principles. These interlocutors give place to a lady and an enchanter in a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness; and here the interest turns on the enchanter's keeping the lady spell-bound in her chair, while her mind, not consenting to his temptations, rises superior to the vain sophistry of his arguments, that would make Pleasure the Supreme Fair.

I cannot send you the manuscript; first, because it is not finished, and next, because it is impatiently awaited by the composer who is to set it to music; but hereafter you shall have a fair copy.

JOHN MILTON.



XIII.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

LAST night I was spell-bound to my seat like the lovely lady, till I had finished your divine drama. I never met with anything to match it. The action, perhaps, is slow, but the poetry transcendant. The greater part must be rehearsed in measured speech or plain tune, with here and there an introit. The poet hath done so much as to leave the musician little work, for which I sincerely thank you. There is the echo-song, the invocation to Sabrina, a round when the satyrs dance in the forest, and a chorus at the end—that's all you have given

me to do ; so, that I may not eat the bread of idleness, I am to play Thyrsis. The young gentlemen are already forward in their parts, and Lady Alice pores over hers all day and repeats it on her pillow, I fancy, after her prayers. What we shall do for a Comus is now the problem, which you, the arch-magician, may help us to solve. Who could take the part better than yourself? You have played the Lady, ere now, in college rehearsals. Do come, 'beseech you !

“Locus est, et pluribus umbris.”

In default of you, we have none to look to but a gawky seventh cousin of her Ladyship's, a florid, saffron-haired youth, with cheeks as round as pippins, and somewhat too thick a tongue. He will maul your verses horribly. Think twice of it.

H. LAWES.



XIV.

JOHN MILTON TO HENRY LAWES.

INSTEAD of thinking twice, I dare not think once of your ensnaring proposal. I should never hear the last of it! The tide hath turned here, and is now altogether adverse to my going to Ludlow, for reasons wherewith you need not be troubled. Already I in some sort despise myself for having taken any share in such toys, which are now somewhat roughly cast at my head. In some sort I have brought it on myself: the hedgehog, if he did not patrol the orchards after dark, could never have been accused of carrying away pears and apples

on his quills. After all, men come into the world for better objects than sounding of brass and tinkling of cymbals; and have too manifold temptations already to hinder and disinure them, without needlessly going astray after will o' th' wisps dancing over miry and darksome places: so have I been told within the last few hours. As for plays, masques, interludes, and all such gauds, they do but lure us from our severe but wholesome schoolmistress Truth, at whose feet meekly to sit and aptly to learn is the best docility.

In brief, that young carrotty-poll may play Comus an' he will—and can. But O, the sin and shame of committing my glib verses to his thick tongue! Prompt him, pinch him, persecute him into some conception of his part; else shall the whole piece be marred through the loutishness of

one lubber. You may cudgel him into some parrot repetition, but unless the spirit of the character be in him, it will never come out of him.

To conclude, send me news of the Castle and of the Masque.

Thine,

JOHN MILTON.





XV.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

WE are progressing amain. The cub who takes Comus hath learnt his part not amiss as for perfectness; but for any beauty of action or accent, we insist on them in vain. Lady Alice openly laughs at him, which only makes him open his gooseberry eyes the wider, and grin like a dog in return; but he will take no raillery from any other quarter without going into the dead sulks. Had you condescended to the part (alas, that you cannot!), then indeed we might have made another guess affair of the

Masque ; but since you will not or must not, we must e'en do as we can.

Lady Bridgewater sends some of us in advance of her to Ludlow next week, whence you may expect to hear from me.

H. LAWES.





XVI.

HENRY LAWES TO JOHN MILTON.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

SINCE you desire an account of this place, and are unlikely to see it, I will not delay to gratify your wish by wasting time on the mischances of the journey, but take up my parable at the journey's end. In Shakspearian phrase,

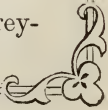
“This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto the senses.”

It is founded on a rock overlooking the river Corve, and was built by Roger Mont-

gomery in the reign of Henry the First. Many of the original towers still remain, overhanging a great fosse, but some of them are ruined, and even certain of the royal apartments lie open to the weather, overrun with ivy, and pranked with stonecrop and snap-dragon.

The habitable part of the Castle was chiefly rebuilt by Sir Henry Sidney when lord president, including twelve goodly rooms and a wardrobe. He also repaired Mortimer's Tower, and made it a receptacle of the ancient records, perishing for lack of safeguard. All the new building over the gate is owing to Sir Henry Sidney; and he also restored a fair room under the court-house, and made a great wall round the wood-yard, and a brave condyt within the inner court.

All this have I learnt of the old grey-



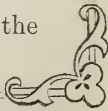
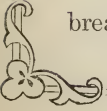
haired warden who had the place in charge.

The great Hall has a groined roof, and richly painted windows, flinging or, azure, and gules on the ancient stone floor. In one of them is an impalement of St. Andrew's Cross, with Prince Arthur's arms. Also there's a great stone escutcheon of Prince Arthur's arms. On the left side of this hall, which indeed is exceeding magnificent, are the arms of my lord Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Worcester, Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Henry Sidney. On the other side, the arms of North and South Wales; two red lions and two golden Lyons for Prince Arthur. At the end of the hall is a pretty device, how the hedgehog broke his chain and came to Ludlow from Ireland. (Query, may not another hedgehog

break his chain and come to Ludlow from Horten ?)

There is at the entrance of the hall a great iron portcullis of huge weight, also a music gallery, and oaken screen. At the upper end a dais and long oaken table running across ; two inferior tables running down the hall. In my Lord's private dining-room, cupboards for plate, and a table to play shuffle-board.

Now, for the Chapel, it is so trim and bravely painted with the arms of many English kings and of the lords of the castle, that you need not wish a fairer place for devotion. The bell rings (or will ring when we all come together) for prayers a quarter of an hour before breakfast, during which time the retinue make ready for covering the tables, but do not cover. Before the breakfast, which is at eight o'clock, the



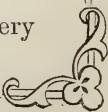
castle keys are brought in; also during dinner and supper.

I need not remind you that Prince Arthur, son of Harry Seventh, died in this castle; it being the palace of the Prince of Wales, appendent on his principality. But many of the state chambers are altogether unusable, given over to the bats and owls, yet with frequent tokens of ancient pomp peeping out from amidst the rubbish of their mouldering fragments. They are reported haunted; so as that my guide averred the maids would not approach that wing of the building after dark, save in couples.

Over the stable-doors are the arms of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Pembroke, &c. Something less than twenty years ago, the creation of Prince Charles to the principality was solemnized here with uncommon splendour.

I spare you the various courts, staircases, nests of turret-chambers, galleries, offices, &c. The landscape on all sides is agreeably diversified; the prospect in some directions ranging over woods, in others over large and beautiful meadows, dotted with sheep and cattle. The pleasance, or garden-plot within the castle, has been greatly neglected; and the hangings, where there are any, are dropping from the walls; but large provision of furniture is hourly arriving in baggage-carts, and the damp old walls echo to many and cheerful voices.

Yester-even, what time the crescent moon peered with pale visage through the silvered clouds, I strayed about the precincts and lone deserted courts,—buttresses and battlements casting strange unearthly shadows on the weedy ground,—and anon I conjured up for myself the old place in all its bravery



when Prince Arthur and his six-months' bride, Doña Catalina, arrived here in all the glory of youth and love, to take their state upon them—she being mounted on a palfrey with velvet housings, attended by eleven ladies, and received at the castle gates with loud blaring trumpets and deafening huzzas.

Methought how soon all this bravery paled, and the fair young Prince, plague-smitten, lay in the pangs of death, while the young Spanish girl wept over him; and mysterious shades seemed to float past me, sighing as they went. All at once these sad shadows were dispersed by the lively din of young voices and mocking laughter; and Lady Alice and Lord Brackly darted into the court, he clutching at her skirts and trying to get from her something which she held beyond his reach, high above her head.

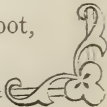
This morning, I was straying round the

Castle, marking well her bulwarks, and considering her towers, when, just over against Mortimer's Tower, the Lady Alice came up to me, bearing a fair white lily, accompanied by Lord Brackly and a great stag-hound ; and quoth she, " We are to have Scambling-day, Master Lawes, because that the carts have brought plenty of tables and stools, but no mugs nor trenchers, pots nor pans ; and the clerk of the kitchen was ready to hang himself, till we told him we would dine on bread and cheese, spread on the grass."

" That will be mighty pleasant," quoth I. " And pray, where may be the spot selected for your Ladyship's refection ? "

" Under yonder hawthorn," said she, " where the ground is carpeted with euphrasy and wild thyme. Come and see it."

So we all walked together to the spot,



and when we reached it, my Lord Brackly exclaimed, "O, what a goodly stage to play 'Love's Labour's Lost,' without need of scene-shifting! Sister, you shall be the Princess, and I'll be Boyet, and carve the capon."

"What part will your Lordship fit upon me?" quoth I.

"You," said he, "shall be Costard, and cry, 'O, sweet guerdon! eleven-pence farthing better than remuneration!'"

"Nay," said Lady Alice, "Master Lawes shall not be condemned to so rough a part, but play Biron."

On which I fell a posturing, and mouthed,

"What! I? I love? I sue? I seek a wife?"

till they tired 'emselves with laughing. Said I, "Why not stick to the matter in hand, and apply ourselves to a right good

serious rehearsal of our Masque, which I am fain to think we are not too forward in?"

"Aye, that is well thought of," said Lady Alice. "Go, brother, and call Tom."

"I will save your Lordship that trouble," said I, "and also hunt up Cuthbert Curly-pate, who is no doubt slumbering in some sunny nook."

At this point Madam Lanfear came sailing out, starched as buckram, crying, "What are you all about?"

"We are going to rehearse the Masque," says Lord Brackly. "Here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. 'This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.'"

"Oh then, I will play audience," says she, settling herself on the bank.

“Aye, goody, or peer through the bushes for one of Comus’s court,” said my Lord, lightly, which I could see she liked not.

In brief, we severally returned to the Castle for what we wanted ; and Cuddy, being summoned to the rehearsal, made a Jack-in-the-Green of himself, and, encouraged by his disguising, gave forth his versings lustily, but altogether broke down in the second scene ; so that the brothers rushed in before their time, and belaboured him with their foils. Too much of this.

Thy friend,

H. LAWES.





XVII.

JOHN MILTON TO HENRY LAWES.

NOT a word too much. Continue your diurnall, I beseech you.

I despise myself somewhat for being so concerned in this toy; but one would not willingly let die the fruitage of one's brain. Can this Lady Alice be but thirteen? I happen never to have seen her, and am concerned to know whether she be indeed a just representative of my Innominata, or whether, indeed, I have not made my lady too old and sententious for so young a player.

Your picture of the Castle on the Border
attracts me : a rugged shell for so fair a
nut.

Thy friend,

JOHN MILTON.





XVIII.

THE LADY ALICE EGERTON TO THE COUNTESS
OF BRIDGEWATER.

MADAM,

I trust that this may find my honoured parents in good health. May it please your Ladyship to grant your poor daughter's humble request, that for the ensuing pageant I may have a white silk gown shot with silver threads, and pearls for my hair. Your Ladyship knoweth I do not in usual affect much finery, but this once I hope you will grant the humble request of

Your Ladyship's unworthy child,

ALICE EGERTON.



XIX.

THE COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER TO LADY
ALICE EGERTON.

DAUGHTER ALICE,

At your time of life, I never once had anything finer than dimity or cloth, according to the season, and two silk suits for festivals, one red, t'other green, which lasted me till I grew out of 'em. And I think taffeta quite fine enough for a child of your years, for though you're tall, you're but a chit; and moreover, Alice, you droop your head too much, which lessens your height and will make your nose red. 'Tis not the clothes but the carriage that makes the

lady. However, you shall have the gown, on condition you learn to bridle. And I trust you will keep your heart in all humbleness and lowliness, not puffed up as the manner of some is, but submitting yourself to those that have the rule over you. And so long as you do that, be sure of the love and blessing of your mother,

FRANCES BRIDGEWATER.

Ye ought to make much of your golden opportunities now, Alice, for they will never occur again. For me, I cannot command a quarter of an hour's leisure.





XX.

THE COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER TO
RICHARD EGERTON.

COUSIN DICK,

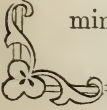
You shall please direct the marshals and ushers of the hall to order the carriages and conveyances for the stuff, when my Lord changeth house; how they shall be occupyde, how appointed; and that matters shall not be left undone, or but half done, to the last, so as that on the day of my Lord's departour, only the hanging-stuff and beds shall remain to be removed. As to say, the stuff in my Lord's chamber and mine, the

stuff in the great chamber, and in the chamber wherein my Lord maketh ready, &c. And my Lord's stuff shall be removed in three carts, and mine in three carts ; and one cart for stuff over and above remaining. And two carts for the children's stuff ; and one cart for the officers following, to wit, the gentlemen carvers, sewers, cup-bearers, and waiters, for carrying their five beds, and none other to be allowed them.

For all the stuff pertaining to the sellar, pantry, and buttery, one cart ; and none other to be allowed 'em.

For the kitchen, squillery, larder, and pastry, two carriages. And everything belonging to the bakehouse and brewhouse, one carriage.

Item, the workmen of the household, which is to say, the joiner, smith, painter, minstrels, and huntsmen, to have one cart



for their stuff; and none other to be allowed 'em.

Number of all the carriages employed in the removal, besides the chariot, seventeen.

Cousin Dick, the removal of this great household with all its stuff is a great charge. Thou art in office to see that other men mind their offices; see that thou mindest thine own office, so shall thy Lord have pleasure in thy duty. Be not given to wine, wherein is excess, and let not thine hand know a bribe. Suffer not the catour to make any entries till the things are brought in. Let the clerk of the kitchen take account betimes what shall need to be provided for so great a company as will soon be at Ludlow; as, so many bucks, so many swans, so many beeves, muttons, veals, so many baskets of fish, so many partridges,

cranes, herns, wypes, woodcocks, ruffs and reys, &c. And that no herbs be wastefully bought, seeing that the cooks may have enough and to spare out of my Lord's gardens. Also that the clerks of the kitchen cast up daily the cheque-roll, and see that the accounts tally with the emp-cions in the catour's journal-book. If he defraud but a peppercorn a day, 'tis three hundred, sixty, and five peppercorns by the year.

Note, that the clerks of the brevements breve every stranger by name that cometh to my Lord's house, else shall tag, rag, and bobtail be walking in upon us; and what is to hinder them of the spoons?

And at all odd times, Cousin Dick, I charge you to 'peruse over the Booke of Riwles of the Household, till ye have them at your fingers' ends, which shall in some

sort serve in stead of long experience. And
so rest you merry, and keep you faithful to
my Lord.

Your kinswoman and well-wisher,

FRANCES BRIDGEWATER.





XXI.

TO FRANCES, COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER.

MADAME, may it lik your Ladyship, seeing that my Lord's clerk coumptroller being deceast, another is put in his place, I would hint in your ear, that ye shall bid the new clerk coumptroller dailly to have an ey to the slaughter house when any viaunds shall be slain there; and there to see the suitt clean taken out *without any bribe*, and there weighed and then brought into the stor-house, and from thens delivered by the clerks to the chaundler at dew time or times: and so shall the slaughter-man make the vailles no larger than he ought to do;

and his honorable Lordship and your Ladyship
not be defrauded of your owne.

Your Ladyship's servant to command
(except in name),

ROBIN NAMELESS.





XXII.

THE COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER TO
RICHARD EGERTON.

COUSIN DICK,

Read what's writ overleaf, and see how your predecessor was befooled. One had need have as many eyes as Argus to spy out all the cheats in an overgrown house. I am not so sure that Master Nameless himself may not heretofore have had a hand in the peculation ; else, how comes he to be so knowing ? I depend much on you, Cousin Dick ; see you requite my reliance.

FRANCES BRIDGEWATER.



XXIII.

THE COUNTESS OF BRIDGEWATER TO
MRS. LANFEAR.

LANFEAR,

I think the young gentleman that writ the Masque must have meant to make us all water-drinkers—however, that may pass. It will do no harm to warn the children against winebibbing and gluttonishness. I have looked through the fair copy Lawes sent me, and find no fault, except prolixity. I hope we may not fall asleep, and vex the children, especially just after supper.

You will get the beasts' heads when we

come ; some of them are excellently put out of hand. You must make the best you can of Cuddy ; he's a head higher than Alice, and won't look the part amiss. There could not be a better Thyrsis than Lawes. 'Tis a pity he cannot take both parts. Mary would like hugely to be Sabrina, if it were not playing second to her younger sister, but she cannot be spared from court ; so Lettice can take the part, having a passable voice ; and it may get her a husband, for her face is her fortune ; but don't let her step out of her place. My good Lanfear, I write to you as if you were an *alter ego*. State brings weight ; never wish yourself other than you are. I have promised Alice the white and silver gown ; doubtless the child will look a very angel in it. For the nymph Sabrina, a pretty habiliment might be copied that was devised for a water-

nymph in Ben Jonson's masque, enacted when King James's eldest son was created Prince of Wales. Her head-dress was a murex-shell, ornamented with coral; a veil of silver gossamer depending therefrom; a bodice of water-blue silk, branched with silver sea-weed, a half-tunic of silver gauze, brocaded with gold sea-weed; and a train of river-blue silk, figured with columns of white lace, sea-weed pattern. I'm afraid if we dress Lettice in these fallalls, we shall turn her head for life. Inferior water-nymphs in satin tunics of palest river-blue, with silver flowers; their long hair hanging loose in waving curls, crowned with water-lilies. Girls are glad enough to be fantastically dressed.

FRANCES BRIDGEWATER.



XXIV.

MRS. FYTTON TO MRS. LANFEAR.

ESTEEMED GOOD FRIEND,

When you acknowledge the buckram suit, sent herewith, prithee let me have news of the state entry, and all thereto belonging. I remember Mr. Harry Lawes when he was a chubby-cheeked chorister in Salisbury cathedral, with a pipe as sweet as any lark's.

Your assured good friend,

HENRIETTA FYTTON.



XXV.

MRS. LANFEAR TO MRS. FYTTON.

LUDLOW CASTLE,

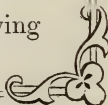
*Sept. 30, 1634.**

MY GOOD AND DEAR FRIEND,

The entry was very fine. All the county assembled to do it honour, as well as others from distant parts. My Lord President, in his collar and mantle, on his managed steed, with velvet housings. My Lady in wondrous good liking, on her white horse, richly caparisoned. She was in purple velvet, fringed and buttoned with

* The Masque was presented on Michaelmas Night.—
Warton, 120.

gold, and a velvet hat laced with gold, and surmounted by three feathers. Six drums and six trumpets at the gate sounded at their approach. Also guns were fired. Four-and-twenty young ladies of the principality, who afterwards danced in the Masque, with Lady Alice at their head, as fair as May, received them with flowers. The cornets, sackbuts, and drums, could hardly be heard for the huzzas; and flags were streaming in all quarters. Then the deputy-lieutenant did make a fair speech to my Lord, who made a fair speech in reply. My Lord and Lady, and all the fine company, then alighted, on scarlet cloth laid over the stones; and a herald made proclamation; and two gentlemen-ushers did lead the way into the castle with their rods of office, crying, "By your leaves, gentlemen, stand by!" My Lord and Lady following



after, hand in hand, with train-bearers, my Lord Brackly and Mr. Egerton, and the goodly bevy of daughters (no finer family can England boast), and money being scattered among the people, for whom also casks of ale were set running, and sheep roasted.

Then we all went to prayers in the chapel, which was full to overflowing; and then in great order they all went in procession to make the circuit of all the castle, the music still sounding, beginning with the great hall, where supper was being spread, and ending with the kitchen, where cooks in white nightcaps were fuming over the fires, that the company might see the preparations making for the sack-posset, in a vessel nearly as big as Guy of Warwick's porridge-pot.

I had had thrust upon me the charge of

Master William Egerton, a most rebellious, disobedient young gentleman, aged five, whom I much regretted his grandmamma had given me in charge; for he rollicked and rantipoled to that degree that it was misery to look after him; and he dragged my gown apart at the gathers.

When the company perambulated the castle, he must needs rush down a dark passage, bawling "Whoop! whoop!" and I must therefore follow after him, hallooing him to come back, because of a ruined doorway at the end. He, bouncing through it, went clean down a gap where had once been a stair-landing, and so into a water-butt with an awful splash. 'Twas no good to shriek, though I did it, nor could I jump after him, but must needs go round. I tremble to think how it might have gone with the child had he lain there top-side-

'tother-way till I reached him. However, providential to relate, a young man chancing to be in the court and see the babe project himself in that way through the ruined doorway and fall into the butt, pulled him out by the leg, roaring pretty lustily, but more frightened than hurt. I was wetted to the skin by merely taking him in my arms ; however, I carried him off to his bed, after thanking the young man, who was one of the many strangers drawn to Ludlow by the shew. I think I lookt into twenty bedrooms on my way to the nursery, without finding a woman-servant at her post—all of 'em off duty, scaring about and gaping after the shew, leaving their mistresses' caskets, trinkets, and maybe money, open to any that had a fancy to help themselves. I was mad with 'em for it, because Master William was no regular charge of mine, only made

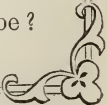
over to me to keep out of the Countess's way ; and I could not leave him till I had pulled off his wet things and laid him in bed, where he insisted on holding my hand till he fell asleep, because the maids had told him Ludlow Castle was full of ghosts.

Meantime, the window being open, I heard the sounds of far-off merriment, that to a younger woman had been tantalizing enough ; and whenever I tried to draw my finger out of his little hot hand, he would open his eyes wide and say, "Lanfear ! are you there ? Oh !"

Presently, a voice under the window said, in surprise, "What, Jack ! you here after all ?"

To which another responded, "Indeed, you lured me hither, but I have done myself wrong, have I not ?"

The first rejoined, "How should that be ?"



You can have done yourself no wrong that I know of, and for certain you come to do us good ; though so late in the day that no lodging has been assigned for you. I will speak immediately to the chamberlain."

Then the other interrupts : " Trouble not thyself, good Harry, for I come but for a single night, somewhat to the discontent of elder people. Let me but have a corner of thy chamber for this night, and it sufficeth."

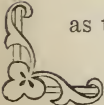
" Right welcome shall you be to it, Jack," said the first, whose trick of speech I now felt assured I knew. " But now come along, for I am wanted, and may not tarry. I will just get you a cup of wine, and then carry you to our green-room."

" You may spare the wine," says the other, " for I never care to drink it ; so let us repair to the green-room at once."

All this was spoken rapidly and with jocundity, as between familiars. I loosened my finger from the hold of Master William, who was now fast asleep, and spying from the lattice, saw Master Lawes quitting the court, along with the young gentleman who had pulled the child out of the water-butt.

I now pinned in my gathers, and then rummaged out an idle baggage named Audrey, who, like all the others, had been gadding. Her I well rated, as representing the rest; then sent her, in spite of the pouts, to sit by Master William till Mrs. Nurse returned.

After this I posted off at my best speed to the chamber we call the green-room, where all the preparations were made for the Masque that was to be enacted as soon as the supper-tables were withdrawn.



Here I found a scene of confusion impossible to describe ; people capped with heads of horses, asses, oxen, wolves, wild boars, pigs, and geese, slipped on over their own heads, and amusing themselves by howling, braying, and grunting in character. These were selected from the mixed company, many of 'em persons of quality, who had no regular part set down for them, but were to leap about, and glare through the trees, as the rabble rout of Comus.

Also the nymph Sabrina, in river-blue silk and silver, with water-lilies in her hair, very fantastical and pretty, with inferior nymphs attending.

I passed all these to get at my Lady Alice, seated in her magic chair, arrayed in her gown of white silk shot with silver, feeling assured she would eclipse 'em all ; but, to my consternation, I perceived her

shedding of tears, while Lord Brackly was red with anger, and Mr. Thomas looking full of mischief.

Cuthbert, habited as Comus, garlanded and smeared with berries, and his eyes set in his head, was absolutely sottish and drunken, he having found his way to the sack-posset, and taken so much of it on pretence of getting up his courage to play his part, that he was now absolutely disguised with drinking.

I heard broken utterances of “the masque must be given up,”—“he will disgrace us all,”—“he hath lost all memory of his part;”—and meanwhile an usher, with his “by your leave, gentlemen,” comes from the great hall, to say my Lord and Lady, and all the noble company, are waiting.

“Go and tell them, Brackly,” says Lady Alice, crying, “the masque is spoilt.”



“In faith, then, I will not,” says my lord. “I’ll try first whether I cannot thresh this numskull till I’ve beat the sack out and the sense in.”

“There’s no sense to beat in,” says Mr. Thomas, turning on his heel. “What! is there no one of all this goodly company that will play Comus for us at a pinch?”

Oh, they would any or all have been so glad to do it (I believe ’em!) if they had known it in time! only it was too late now to con the part.

“But you shall be prompted all through,” urges Mr. Thomas, looking from one to another, “prompted in an audible voice.”

But no, not one of ’em was bold enough (and in faith I think they were right); they could roar, cackle, bray, as long as you would, but not recite a long part at one reading. Meanwhile Cuddy was beginning

to blubber and rub his head (my lord having rapped it pretty smartly with the flat of his sword, a real one), and Mr. Lawes, taking him by the arm, pulled him away a little, to where the strange young gentleman, whom I shall call Innominato, stood apart, calm, quiet, attent, and frowning a little, but most beautiful of aspect, strangely contrasting with the monsters about him.

“Recover yourself, Cuddy,” says Mr. Lawes, not unkindly, “for the conjuncture is pressing. All this large company will be disgraced, and the assemblage in the hall disappointed, if you collect not yourself sufficiently to repeat your part without blunder. Compose yourself, and try at it once more; you shall have enow of prompting.”

Cuddy, after one more ubbaboo, bursts forth in stentorian stuttering :—

“Welcome, welcome, Joy and Feast,
Welcome—(plague it) Bird and Beast—
Midnight shout and Revelry,
Tipsy rout and”

“O, murder, murder!” cries Innominato, clapping his hands to his ears; while Cuddy, quite beside himself, begins to prance like a Mohawk in the war-dance, bawling out “Hip, hip, hurra,” and then suddenly falling all along on the ground.

I never saw a creature look more disgusted than Lady Alice; while some openly laughed, and others cried shame. All the while, Mr. Lawes kept plucking his friend’s sleeve, and saying, “*You* know the part—*you* do it!”—and the other, “No, no;” and putting him off.

Of a sudden, Mr. Lawes goes up and whispers Lady Alice and Lord Brackly, who start, and look towards the Innominato with

curiosity and pleasing awe; then, after a word or two among themselves, my lord takes Lady Alice by the hand and leads her with gracefullnesse to the stranger, to whom she, once lifting her humid eyes and no more, makes request, in what words I know not, being only near enough to catch the prettiness of the action; but he, I could see, bent low, yet with the mien of a prince, and said in a rich, most harmonious utterance, as if every word had a value and beauty of its own,—

“Your ladyship’s behest has my obedience.”

And without another word, he picked Cuddy’s ivy-wreath from the ground, set it on his own graceful, redundant locks, and, throwing on a kind of domino which lay at hand, took up the charming-rod, and stood looking calmly around with the austere

majesty of Prospero rather than the tipsy jollity of Comus.

An irrepressible smile of triumph shone on Mr. Lawes's features. I never saw creatures look more relieved or grateful than Lady Alice and her brothers. She said :

"Sir, I can never forget this goodness. You have nobly come forward to help us in our strait."

"O, name it not, madam!" said he. "The only requital I sue for is, that my share in the Masque, and my proper name, may remain unmentioned."

"You may rely on us," said she, softly.

Meanwhile, a whisper ran round, "Who is he?" And Mr. Thomas, who loves fun, put it about, "A duke's son in disguise!"

Mr. Lawes, having now gone on the stage as Thyrsis, was reciting his prologue; and the prompter, now coming in to say Comus

would be wanted immediately, Innominato, who had been standing with folded arms in deep reverie, probably recalling his part, which, it appeared, he knew by rote already, instantly went forward and stepped upon the stage; we crowding every coign of vantage where we might see and hear.

For my part, I stood on a table behind one of the great screens, and could see about three-fourths of the stage pretty well, over the heads of others; but the audience on the dais I saw not. What a clapping of hands there was when he went on, followed by such a silence, you might have heard a pin drop.

Nothing could be more charming than his declamation, which yet had a certain measuredness and severity that the theme, methought, demanded not. However, all were mighty attent, with a kind of strained

attention to a very grave exercise of the intellect.

They relieved themselves by dancing the Measure with due jocundity ; and then all the inferior players fell back among the manufactured trees, which were real greens tied on frames, to make way for the lovely Lady.

I never saw Lady Alice look more sweet ! She had already been listening with concentrated attention to Innominato's recitation ; and, reaching up to my hand where I stood, squeezed it and whispered, "Now, Goodie, I have full confidence. Nothing can put me out now !" I was so glad to hear the dear Child say this ; and to see her go forward with such wonderful and beautiful composedness ; articulating every word so distinctly and sweetly as to be heard in every part of the hall. In the echo-song, she outdid herself, though at first her voice

trembled a little ; but I loudly whispered, "Let my Lord President hear the words," which fixed her thought on him and not on the company.

Innominato, with his grave, harmonious voice, then resumed ; she, with more vivacity, replicated ; he, bending his serious regards on her with kindness, rejoined ; she responded with artless brevity. Thus one, then the other, alternated in graceful question and reply ; she looking full at him with her honest blue eyes, and with an amused smile now and then playing about her honey-sweet lips—he never once laying aside the mien and delivery of a young Sage ; and, when she reached

"Shepherd, lead on,"

conducting her away by the hand amid continued applause.

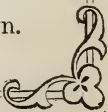
This scene gave the key-note to all that followed. The noble Brothers gave their dialogue with marvellous spirit; and when Mr. Lawes, who in the rehearsals had been quite the master actor, re-appeared, he seemed in comparison tame; being in fact only up to his usual level, whereas they had transcended theirs. In young people, stimulated by unwonted applause, this is easily accounted for.

But then came the touch-stone; to wit, the scene in Comus's stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; which was simply represented by withdrawing the frameworks with greens and discovering the lower end of the hall, hung with scarlet and gilt leather, and having a corner cupboard and sideboard of plate, with a table spread as for feasting. This scene, I knew, would be the great test of Lady Alice. As for

Innominato, we already had a dim perception of what was in him, for he had given the tone and colour to the whole piece ; a classic gravity, more consistent with a Greek play than a mumming interlude ; but though this would have less savour for the mixed crowd about the doors, there were those on the dais could appreciate it.

My Lady Alice, then, is discovered in the enchanted chair, from which she essays to rise ; but the magician, in dumb show, puts her back, offering her the Cup of Intemperance, which she refuseth.

That noble colloquy then ensued, in which I no more seemed to see and hear a girl of thirteen, but a woman ripe in all virtue, eloquence, and wisdom ; for the words put into her mouth seemed by the justice and force of their delivery, her own.



As again and again he tempted her, there was something of passionateness in her utterance of :

“’Twill *not*, false traitor !

’Twill *not* restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies !

Was *this*—(*looking about her with flashing eyes*)

Was this the cottage and the safe abode

Thou told’st me of? What grim aspects are these ?

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me !”

She almost shrieked out this ejaculation, and the rest was lost in a murmur of applause.

Then the deep, earnest voice, with its bitter sarcasm, rejoined,—

“O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic school.

And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub !

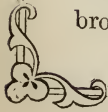
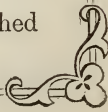
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.”

Never was Intemperance preached in a way so unlikely to win disciples. Lady

Alice seemed scarce able to hear the sophistical argument to an end—again and again essaying to leave her chair, yet unable ; and then, when she burst in with her withering rebuke, a pause ensued ; and in yet deeper, more soul-subduing accents, he went on with,—

“She fables not! I feel that I do fear
Her words, set off by some supernal power.”

Suddenly, a clash of swords, and disturbance without. The brothers, beautiful as Castor and Pollux, rushed in with drawn swords—dashed the cup out of his hand and shattered it to atoms. The rabble rout closed them round and a grand mêlée ensued ; but finally they and Comus were driven out. Here was a fine, moving scene. There remained a striking picture. The brothers, lowering their swords, approached

their sister—she remained charmed to stone in her chair, her senses all bound up in alabaster!

This, though little in the telling, was as effective as anything in the whole piece; so rarely did Lady Alice personate the character.

The attendant Spirit comes in. "What!" cries he, "have you let the foul Enchanter 'scape? Oh, you mistook! you should have snatched his wand, and bound *him* fast!"

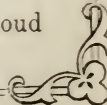
Too late! The brothers, in grief, seek to know what is to be done. The Spirit tells them there is a certain nymph not far from thence, by name Sabrina, who is goddess of the river Severn, and who has power to reverse the spells of malign enchanters, if duly invoked in song.

On this, Mr. Lawes gave us a charming cantata, invoking Sabrina to "rise and heave

her rosy head from her coral-paven bed ;” and then Sabrina, attended by water-nymphs, did enter in most graceful guise and reverse the spell. And so the Lady is disenchanted, the brothers embrace her, and the Spirit leads them, amid singing and dancing, up to the daïs, to present them to my Lord and Lady, who embrace them all round, every one pressing upon them with compliments and felicitations. Then, the musicians playing loudly in the gallery, there ensues a general dance.

But amidst this, my Lady Alice, being wondrously flushed and overwrought, obtains in a whisper, leave of her lady-mother to slip away to her own chamber and go to bed ; and the dear Child puts me off from following her, saying, “No, Goody, no—I need to be alone—you must stay for the posset.”

Meanwhile my Lord President calls aloud

for Comus, that he may compliment him handsomely. But Comus, strange to relate, is nowhere to be found, he has vanished into thin air, as an enchanter should. This causes wonder, laughter, and is presently forgotten ; for the sack-posset is being wheeled in, on a huge stand, by ever so many cooks and butlers, with cornets flourishing ; and every one is anxious to have a taste.

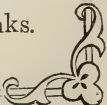
Sure, never was so inconsequent a sequel to a Masque preaching Temperance ! The healths began, first in spoons, then in silver cups ; and though the healths were many, and a great variety of names given to them, it was observed after one hour's hot service that the posset had sunk in the vessel only one inch ! So then my Lord called in all the household and hangers on, including many strangers, and they upon their knees

did drink my Lord President's health in brimful tankards. This lasted till midnight.

Oh, what a parody on the Masque! And there lay Cuddy in his remote turret, disgraced by drinking a pint of sack, while all these were swilling quarts! However, his default had procured us the rarest Actor ever seen, so nobody could owe him a grudge.

My Lady, having made me drink her health and my Lord President's, and the healths of all the noble family, sent me with a cup of the posset to my Lady Alice, to warm her and do her good. But I was checked, on going in, by seeing the good young creature at her prayers; and when she rose from her knees and I offered her the drink, she said,

“Feel how my hands burn already, Goody! I'm sure I want no hot drinks.”



And do you know, the gentleman that played Comus, said aside to me ere he went, 'Too much acting will be to you the poisoned cup—shun it, like wine!'—Oh! how well it went off, after all! but what a feverish dream it has been! I don't think I shall want to act again."

Her pretty lip quivered as she spoke, but I feigned not to perceive it; and, since she protested against even a mortice of wax, I left her, as she desired, in quiet and darkness.

There was no quiet in any other quarter of the Castle! Even in the far-off nursery, Master William had been woke up and was roaring. Few men went sober to bed. Oh, what a parody!—And now, it has all faded away—and

"E'en like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wrack behind."

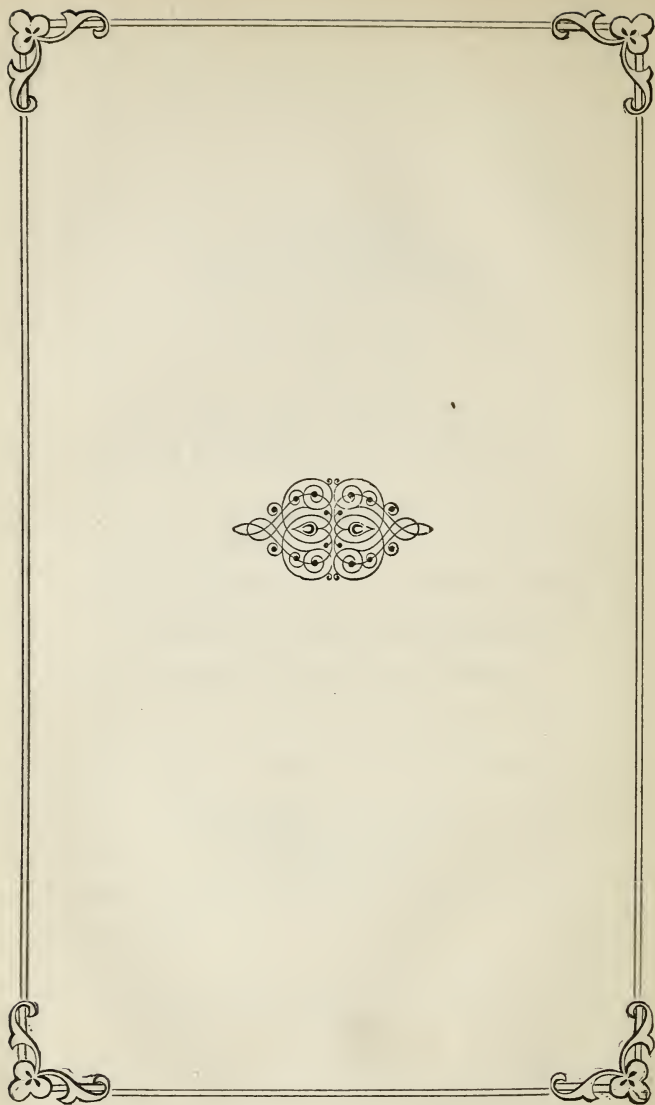


IMMERITUS REDIVIVUS,

A Romanesque :

SETTING FORTH HOW ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET WENT INTO
Y^E NORTH COUNTRIE; AND WHAT ENSUED CON-
CERNING THE FAIR MISTRESS ROSALIND.







I.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL, MY VERY SINGULAR
GOOD FRIEND, MR. GABRIEL HARVEY, FEL-
LOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

EWEBUCHTS, *June*, 1578.

GOOD MR. GABRIEL,

It is easy to be perceived, by your most courteous and kindlie letter, that distance hath no ill effect upon your friendship: and, that you may be certified how much I am in all things your humble servant, I proceed forthwith to answer every one of your inquiries; the rather that in this remote and salvage corner of the world, leisure and inclination are no longer, as they have too often been, unnaturally divorced.

First, for my whereabouts—Truly, methinks my father in his forecast for cheap and quiet quarters, where I might study my fill at the lowest charges, needed not to have sent me so nigh unto the extremest verge of civilisation. In this remote and pelting farm-house, on the skirts of a lonely moor, with a deep forest and sundry mountainous bleak hills betwixt it and the nearest town, one might as well wear a sheepskin at once, and browse on all fours. Neighbours there are none; and, from day-dawn to dusk, when the men are all afield, not a soul is on the premises except myself to defend the women, (who, in regard of looks, are libels on their sex,) from the intrusions of such Turlurus and Jacks-o'-Bedlam as, with roaring voices and sturdy importunities, find their way into even such lone corners as these, to scare the female folk with wild looks and threats, and

obtain from their fears what they could not look for from their charity.

Next, for my kindred. I must confess to you I never did suppose there had been anie of the name of Spenser so rude and unfashioned as these my poor cousins: nor that such uninformed minds could claim kindred, not only with your poor Immerito, but e'en with Chloris and Phyllis and sweet Amaryllis, and all the dear Spenserian girls at Althorp. We sit and feed in one huge common hall or kitchen, with the hinds, the only distinction being made by the salt. They have a peculiar Doric of their own, wherein gate stands for goat, sicker for sure, ken for know, greet for weep, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, whereby I am but just beginning to see my way through the difficulties of an unknown dialect. As I sit at the casement, conning Theocritus by the last

rays of the setting sun, Whar's Hobby?
says one. Hob's afield, answers another.
A' must be astir by three o'clock the mor-
row's morn, quoth one, to clout the leg o' th'
auld ewe that fell headlong into the dyke,
unluckie beast, and unjointed baith her
banes. . . . Better get Gammer Gaff to
reede a spell o'er her, says another. . . .
Spell me nae spells, sayth the first, I mis-
doubt they're uncanny:—mought her neck
but a' been jointed, a' trow she'd a needed
nae spell. Gie me the milk, I'll e'en feed
the cosset-lamb and sae turn in. Anon he
comes back with the empty bicker, draws
back a sliding pannel, scuffles off his brogues,
and in two minutes you hear him snoring.
Jenny clears away the remains of our homely
supper, consisting of curds, cracknels, ewe-
milk cheese, and marvellous weak oaten ale,
and brings mine uncle his flapped cloth

nightcap, which she ties aneath his chin. He calls on one to sing, another to pipe; and Cuddy, who bleats like one of his own lambs, commences a border ballad, to which the bagpipe aptly joins the doleful cries of the wounded. One of these rustical roundelays hath a burden of "Hey ho, holiday," so much to my fancy, that I have endeavoured to adapt it to less uncouth rhymes, and to indoctrinate therewith the minds of these young dullards: howbeit, after sundrie vain efforts to commit them to memory, they pronounced "the auld was better." *Malgre* their verdict, I shall appeal to a higher court, wherein, should it be confirmed by your better judgment, I shall have nought to say in its arrest. And so, with greeting to all friends, I rest, good Mr. Gabriel, your loving

IMMERITO.

Sta sano ed amami.—Show the roundel
to none, unless it be to Master Philip
Sidney.





II.

A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour
Wherein I went the neighb'ring town to see,
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour
Wherein I saw soe fayr a sight as she.

SPENSER'S *Shepheard's Calendar*.

GOOD MR. GABRIEL,

Having patiently awaited your answer these three weeks, which period methought might reasonably elapse before my looking for it, I could no longer brook suspense, and resolved to undertake mine own errand to the next town, where, belike, the precious missive might be lying in negligent and unsafe hands. Taking a stout staff rather for my companion than defence, I

footed it across the moor with no worse nor better co-mates than mine own thoughts; when, o' suddain, from out a hollow tree, there starts me a creature, half man, half fiend, tricked, salvage-fashion, in leaves and branches, twined over and about the poor tattered rags that appeared aneath his foliage. I do protest he had so much of the faun about him as that I lookt at his feet to see if they were cloven; but albeit he had a hare-lip, he did not divide the hoof, and his uncouth gibbering betrayed him a hopeless Bedlamite, rather than an evil creature of sylvan or infernal origin. Money he would none; a few suckets I chanced to have about me were willingly accepted, and after sundry mowings and *congées*, he sprung away into y^e woods like a squirrel.

This satyr-like apparition so haunted my fancy, that, in the wild wood-paths into

which I now struck, I seemed to behold ever and anon contorted forms and grinning visages gleaming amid the gnarred trunks and leafy alleys ; while the occasional vague sounds of unseen life were easily modulated into the whispers of Hamadryades.

While I was footing it along in a pleasing enough kind of fool's paradise, revolving thoughts, some of which were idle, some serious, I was aware of a soft stir among the branches ; and presently, with no ungentler warning, there issues forth, along a little grass-grown bridle-track, a fair young lady, all in black bedight, mounted on a silver-grey ass ; at whose heels followed a deformed urchin of some ten or twelve summers, who bare, in lieu of a cudgel, which the light-footed animal seemed not to need, a wallet or fardel almost beyond his might. I had scarce time to ask myself whether or

no this were a vision of y^e Queen of the Fairies, when y^e fair creature and her attendant fledted past me and soe away among y^e boughs; leaving me agape like a clown at what should rather have transformed a clown into a worshipper of the ideal. I know not of a certainty, Master Gabriel, how long I may have stood or strayed in this amazed fashion, when a few pattering drops proved y^e precursors of a most violent rain-storm, which presently drove me into the thickest covert I could find. Now, had I, like the manikin in the Christmas tale, strewed my path with crumbs, I might with some certainty have retraced it. 'Stead of which, when the rain bated, I found so many foottracks tending hither and thither, that if the path to heaven were equallie difficult to make out, methinketh there be few would attain unto

Eternal Life. My judgment being thus defaulted, I was special glad to behold a girl with a pitcher on her shoulder, wending through the wood. I made towards her with speed; but, alack, the rude damsel no sooner caught sight of me than she took to her heels as though her life lay on the wager, I following; nor ever stopt till she reached the door of a poor wattled cabin propped up atween a couple of old oaks that inclined their arms towards each other like Baucis and Philemon. Herein she entered, all panting, and set the door against me; nor should I have been likely to make good mine entrance but for the sudden re-appearance of my Queen o' the Fairies, who, lighting from her ass, which of itself forthwith trotted under cover, added her voice to the light tap which, methinketh, would scarce of itself have unclosed that inhospitable portal,

and thereat obtained prompt admission ; I following, neither let nor hindered. Now, withinside of this crazy tenement, by the glooming light of a drowsy fire, there sate an old crone, nigh doubled in two with age, stone-blind, and little short of stone-deaf, a mumbling o'er a wooden rosary, the which, it escaped me not, her daughter whipt from her hands and hid away among a parcel of old rags, while y^e young fair lady was busied a drawing forth a loaf from the poke borne by the hunch-backed urchin. Quoth she, since thou, goody, canst no longer spare Gillian to fetch thy dole, lo, I have brought it to thee . . . praise God, not me, for what thou hast, and let me have an old woman's blessing.

After some farther parley, she cast towards me a look of inquiring wonderment ; whereon I professed my business to be none

other than to ask my way and await the overblowing of the storm. Since that is all, quoth she, methinks, we shall now both find that the rain hath stayed; and, concerning your path, which I know not how you can well have missed, you have but to follow on my track some hundred paces and it will lie plainly before you. To guide the blind and set travellers on their way, my father was wont to reckon among the acts of mercy.

Quoth I, if it may please you, gentle mistress, I would fain see you through the wood without immediate hurrying on mine own errand, for there is one in the forest who, perhaps, may waken fear in the young and tender. She looked at me in pretty wonder, and made answer, I have known every dell and dingle from childhood, and never had reason to fear. . . . At what would you scare me? . . . There

is a wild man in the woods, quoth I, who
lapt forth but now from a hollow tree.
. . . She laught, and lightly replied, Do
you mean my foster-brother, poor Lime-
blossom? he is neither elf nor warlock, but
a poor harmless lunatick, that loves me well,
and oft brings me his little offerings of dew-
berries, cloud-berries, and birds' eggs, and
posies of dog-roses and dame violets. I left
him a loaf in his nest but now. There is no
harm in him, sir . . . his hollow roof
rendereth him unintelligible of speech, and
the heat of his brain prevents his sleeping
save i' the open air; but the poor afflicted
creature sayeth his prayers after a fashion,
and never raised his hand against anything
bigger than a weasel.

So saying, she layd her hand on the
silver-grey ass, saying Stand still, thou gad-
ling, and sprang lightly into her seat, when,

at the mere shaking of her white rein, it commenced a quick amble which required my brisk walking to keep up with.

Sure, madam, quoth I, determined not to let the conversation drop, the hovel we have just left might all to pass for the stronghold of Superstition and Ignorance. . . . Of helpless Eld and Penury say, rather, if you needs must personify, quoth she. The girl is an epilepticke, and 'twas well you frightened her not into one of her fits. I am obliged, ever and anon, when I see them coming, to take her by the arm and shake her well. The old crone, her mother, was born before the blessed advent of Truth amongst us, and I know of no other way to show her times are mended than to supply her temporal wants, for, alack, the avenues to her inner being are well nigh closed. Methinks, quoth I, your appearance in their cell must

seem like the coming of Truth and Light unto them. Nay, quoth she, the old dame holds quite otherwise, and esteems me as benighted and heteroclit as the times. In her opinion, the old were better.

And, in some sort, were they not? quoth I. How mean you? quoth she. Soe then, to show off my learning, and enjoy a free gallop on my hobby, I must needs read her a lecture on times and seasons since the world began, commencing at the golden age, with all that poets and sages have said and sung of the reign of Astræa. She hearkened unto me at first with her pretty eyebrows slightly raised, and her rosy lips, half parted, yielded ever and anon unto a smile; but, as I went on extolling the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, beyond all the people that existed before or since, her brow clouded more and more, she was once or

twice about to interrupt me, but each time checked herself until I had run myself out o' breath; when, having made quite sure I had said my say, she opened her lips and with sweet austerity replied—

The wisdom of man is foolishness with God. Where will you find your vaunted age of virtue, whenas the only book that never lieth tells us that sin entered the world with the very first pair, and fratricide with the second? while, in the days of the sixth from Adam, the general corruption had become so great that the thoughts of men's hearts were only of evil continually. Do you say, then, you find it in the age immediately succeeding the flood, when the world was young and fresh baptized, and the arch of hope first spanned the sky? . . . or among the dwellers in the sacred land? or in wiser Egypt? Alas! you are still to

seek ; and as for your Greek fables of Astræa, Bacchus, and Hercules, we know too well of them that framed them, that, professing themselves wise they were as fools, and glorified not God, neither were thankful. As to the calculations of your Ptolemy, and your fears that the sun, who hath so far strayed to y^e south since the learned Egyptian took his height, may yet fall off so as that we may at length lose his light altogether, I trust, for all that, to be lighted by him at grey dawn and throughout the livelong day as long as I breathe ; remembering the promise of Him who made the sun stand still, that, while the world endureth, night and day, seed-time and harvest shall not fail. And now, sir, there lies your path : fare you well.

In sooth, having now reached the border of the wood, we came upon the wide bleak

moor, with a cart-road running straight across, on and on, and ever on, as it would seem to an illimitable distance: and I lift up mine eyes and beheld a file of pack-horses laden with their stuff, wearily pursuing this road a good way in advance, with a man beside them, bending forward against the wind, and holding on his slouched hat. He was making for the town of which I was in quest; and when I turned about to thank my guide so charming, she had won away among the brakes without so much as a rustle.

At nightfall, I questioned all and sundry concerning her, but could get no answer beyond, I dinna ken. Of the salvage man, more news was to be had, albeit vague and contradictory. One held him harmless; another vouched him for malign. They called him not Limeblossom, but Lob-lie-

i'-th'-sun ; because that Colin, seeking a strayed lamb, had once stumbled on him in a parcel of dried leaves, among which nought of him was to be descried but a pair of great brown eyes, the very reflexes of lazy enjoyment. And, on Colin's making him comprehend his loss, the salvage man did bestir himself without a word, to help him in his quest, and did, in fact, shortly appear with the weary lamb on his shoulders, cast about his neck like a necklace. Cuddy, on t'other hand, deponed to having come unawares upon his lair while nutting in the wood ; and, whilst examining with curiosity its intertexture of wool, mosses, and rushes, and its hoard of berries, apples, and dry crusts, the Sylvan flew upon him from behind, lapt on him like a panther, and so fought him about the eyes as that he was glad to make a hasty retreat, and took

good heed never to go nigh the hollow tree thenceforward. Howbeit, he admits he might have been harder hit.

Multum vale.—Commend me to E. K., and to that other esteemed person you wot of. I enclose a few more ragged rhymings, the fruit of much leisure and a vagrant fancy, which I, strangely enow, submit to the umpire whose condemnation is most feared by his undeserving friend.

Never more truly y^r

IMMERITO.





III.

DEAR MR. GABRIEL,

I hold myself the humble debtor of the worshipping Master P. Sidney for his exprest opinion of my poor versing: in special, for his saying that it seemed to him as though Tityrus had left his reed-pipe beside some sylvan fountain among tufts of asphodel and wild hyacinth, where, after lying long unkempt, it had at length been found by the only hand that could master its stops.

This praise is, I know, far beyond my desert; nathelesse, as prophesies sometimes fulfil themselves, so the commendation of

the masters of our craft oft inciteth to a self-emulation and heavenly daring, which lead to success that our efforts had else ne'er attained.

Touching his considerable objection to the union of Scottish dialect with Arcadian manners, I may answer that my dialect is not Scottish, nor even wholly North Country, any more than my Colin and Cuddy are the Colin and Cuddy of Ewebuchts farm. I do opine, that, after all writ and said by master-spirits aforetime, the materials that still lie about us on every side are so infinitely various, as that a man who hath a turn for any one branch, say pastorals for instance, may copy neither Virgil nor Theocritus, and yet make up a rural world of his own, as complete in its several parts as the Arcadian; something which never hath been nor shall be, but so con-

sistent and lively in itself that all shall admit it well might have been.

Now if, having achieved this much and othermuch, our poet doth furthermore of his own caprice and wilding will find his pleasure in here and there displaying a certain sleight of hand and masterful cunning in translating, rendering, or imitating, here such a line, there such a passage, from such a favourite predecessor, 'tis no plagiarism, much less thievery, but an allowed license granted and made use of through all time, that is to say, very likely from the days of the second or third that ever wrote at all.

Now, with respect unto obsolete words, drawn, for example, from old Dan Geoffrey's pure well-head of poesy, Mr. Sidney knoweth that Tully says how an ancient, solempne word doth oftentimes make the style seem

grave, and, as 'twere, reverent, like as be the grey hairs of old age, for which we instinctively feel a kind of religious regard.

This much in defence of mine *Aeginomon Logi* . . . my Goatherds' Tales, wherein, if I now and then take a word by the nape of the neck and bend it to the shape I list, or cap its head, or clip its feet, or dress it alla Francesca or all' Italiana, what matter or what marvel, considering that I have high authority for the same? These words be our bricks, which we builders clip and fit to our purpose; which is, by whatever wanton heed we will, to fill and surprise the mind with a pleasing tenderness and concern, and lead it whither we list, as a strong man armed leadeth his captive.

Herewith I send you an *Æclogue* in part imitated from the second Idyl of Bion

. . . I know beforehand what you will say of my *overwent* and *forthy*. Indeed, simple is the matter, and the manner rude and rusticall, yet carrieth some delight; e'en the rather because of the rudeness and rusticity it affects.

—No, there is no lack of unbroken ground. The Ptolemaic theory forbade not the squaring of a new system by Copernico: the discovery of America, with its new people, nations, and languages, hints to us how much may remain to explore. There be people, I have heard say, in Africa, do drink living blood and pave their courts with skulls: another race, someways in Asia, live wholly upon fish, and build their houses of the bones. On Martin Belem's chart are mapped certain territories with the warning annexed that Syrens sing along those coasts. The early Spanish navigators

were told by the Indians of an island peopled by beautiful women, that floated away whensoever it was approached. Some depone to having seen mermen and mermaids. There is no certainty that rational as well as irrational tribes may not be so constituted as to live under water. There is certainly, 'tis said, a nation of Pygmies, and also of Amazons. Who knoweth but in some northern latitudes, where monstrous whales, dragons, and porcupines do inhabit, there may be, within the recesses of those frozen caves, a race of Titanic giants? The region of unhouseled spirits may lie, for aught we know, somewhere about the centre or at the poles. Who can image the unheard-of metals that may be lying undisturbed in their mines? What gems, unlike to chrysolite, onyx, opal, chalcedony, sardonyx or chrysoprasus? what lively and

powerful medicines? what subtile poisons? Time would fail me to consider what undiscovered regions may lie in the southern seas; some, maybe, higher in polity and antiquity than our own; others, unnurtured and undreaming of any humane population beyond their own little world. Enow hath been said to suggest that much remaineth to plant our standard upon, even in this material universe; how much more then, by parity of reasoning, in y^e universe of thought!

Commend me heartily unto E. K., but pray him of his kindnesse to urge my father no more touching my recall home. I am well satisfied to be hereaway at this present; the silence of the place being provocative of thought and favourable to study. I have learned, whatever fare is set upon the board, therewith to be content, and have sundry

matters in hand I would fain carry on
where I am, and so I remain, good and dear
Mr. Gabriel, your loving

IMMERITO.





IV.

OCTOBER 20.

GOOD MR. GABRIEL,

You bid me send you another picture-letter, and keep my critiques and cogitations for Christmas. To say sooth, Master Gabriel, I am ill disposed to paint or write pictures at this present, more by token I am not over-well pleased at the currency my former epistle of that sort obtained, albeit the hands into which it passed were of the highest honour. There be confidences, methinketh, which friends should not betray, even to other and esteemed friends; and it diminishes the ease and familiarity with which a man communicateth the fresh

risings of his thoughts to the *fidus Achates* of his bosom, when he apprehendeth they will be coolly handled and turned over by an indifferent spirit, of however high a quality. Thus much premised, I will not by another word hurt you as you have, in truth, hurt me, but will at once proceed to fulfil your behest to my utmost power; the more so that of late my unquiet spirit has had some need of a gentle mind whereon to rest.

Of Jack-i'-the-Green, as you call him, I saw absolutely nothing for many weeks after our first encounter; and it might have been well for me had we ne'er crost each other's path again. Of my fairy princess I saw no more than of the wild man, though I promise you 'twas not for want of asking. But there is an indescribable doltishness in the people of these parts, which prevents

their either knowing or caring to know aught beyond the merest concerns of their lives and livelihoods. So I buried myself among my books, and, for recreation, formed for myself a kind of dream-land, peopled with I know not what eccentric inhabitants, which day by day, or rather, eve by eve, became less and less obscured by the confused mass of vapours in which they were at first enfolded ; until, at length, they took a semblance which will perchance, soon or late, present itself to you in a somewhat unlooked-for guise. Meantime, the sun had silently pursued his path from Cancer to Virgo, and was beginning to make himself hotly felt, even in this northern district, where primroses unfold themselves about the same time as your roses ; and so it came to pass, on a certain day, that having wearied myself with o'ermuch study, I set

my face woodwards, with Chaucer instead of a cudgel for my companion, intending to find sweet solace in him when I became weary of mine own thoughts. Howbeit, there was so much without to divert from care within, that I had no need of my book. Firstly, there was the fresh, pure air, far keener and more invigorating here at all times than in Kent: next the endless shadows fleeting over the grass; then the gay carolling of the lark, and the hoarse croak of the crow, spying out some poor dead lamb the shepherd hath long hunted for in vain. And anon the deep glooming shade of the greenwood, where the squirrels lapt from bough to bough, or sate perchd securely at their barky doors far aloft. Here was a writhen trunk, minding me of old Laocoon, struggling with the serpent: there, an involuted mass that grouped like Olindo and

Sophronia bound to the stake. And once and again the tap of the woodpecker's beak against some hollow beech, and the rush of a pheasant through the brake: add to which, when I had gotten some way into the wood, and a good deal farther into my own dream-land, I was aware of some mysterious call among the hedges, of what bird or animal I knew not. And, about that time, I found my feet entangled in I cannot say what kind of hidden net or mesh, which made me stumble and plunge hither and thither, whereon, with a sudden growl from out the brake lapt forth the Salvage Man, who flung a stone that hit my left temple, and made me stagger; and or ever I could right myself, the hairy Philistine was upon me from behind with his whole weight upon my shoulders, beating me about the eyes and ears. I would have given Chaucer that

minute for my cudgel and freedom of its use, but could not find it in me to use my dagger on the poor lunatick ; add to which, he had pinioned mine arms to my sides, and the blood from my cut temple nigh blinded me. We were struggling on, pretty silently, for, beyond his first outcry, the twain of us uttered never a word, but were far too earnest in our duello, when, by the blessing of heaven, I heard voices composedly talking no great way off, and presently a lad brake through the boughs, followed by his mistress, no other than my Fairy Queen. I heard cries of surprise, and felt mine oppressor's hold relax, while my gentle ally in tones somewhat savouring of authority, exclaimed, "What, Limeblossom, is it thus I find thee? What are you about? Fie, fie, upon thee, to let me see thou canst maltreat a stranger, when I have come all the way

from the glen this bright morning to bespeak of thee a pair of rushen slippers, quilted with thistle-down and trimmed with lords-and-ladies. Shame on you, how came you to fly upon him thus?"

In reply to this undaunted query, the great hairy lubbard, instead of bursting forth into a roaring rejoinder, did commence a low, murmuring mutter, that for its inarticulateness, and I know not what of plaintive strangeness, had such a touching cadence in it as I never in my life heard anything to equal in its searching of the heart. What he meant or she made out was quite beyond my power of divination; but 'twas plain they understood each other, and at her very first word he had releast me from his unfriendly embrace; leaving me to smear my face, I doubt not, in mine efforts to clear mine obscured vision and stanch

the wound. There we stood, all three on the green sward, agaze at one another, as judge, plaintiff, and defendant; and the first syllable that broke from my lips, were, with somewhat surly aggrievement, "Indeed I am not so bulky as Goliath, but yet bigger than a weasel!"

She could not refrain from a smile. "May you not, sir," quoth she, "be more frightened than hurt? Let me see this deadly wound; Limeblossom shall fetch us some heal-all and wound-wort from his nest, where I warrant he hath store. Nay, but 'tis deeper than I thought; I must press the sides together: I do not hurt you, do I?" "Not much," I briskly replied, though it smarted like sin. "Come, 'tis worse than I wotted of," quoth she, "and, if clumsily strapt up, may spoil your looks for a good while, besides hindering you of washing

your face; so you had better come home with me to my mother, and she will put it out of hand in a professional fashion. . . . I warrant you have heard of the Wise Lady of the Glen? She who hath the key of the Holy Well." "Not exactly," quoth I. "That's to say, not at all," rejoined she, laughing. . . . "See what fame is! it cannot travel across a five-mile moor! However, she is known far and near on this side the wood, and I will tell you more of her cures as we go along. So now, press your finger on the vein, thus, and 'twill not bleed more than will do you good. See, how sorry poor Limeblossom looks! forgive him before you go. You had broken his snares, and spoilt his chance of a dinner. Hist, Limeblossom! kiss his hand, and bear in mind my commission of the slippers. See, here is my measure."

And setting her pretty foot on y^e moist clay, she left thereon its print, which the salvage, falling on his knees, was about, methought, to kiss, but he only fell to taking the length and breadth of it with a piece of rush, which we left him measuring with much earnestness. She shook her bridle, and turned into the wood, I following close at the near-side. "Poor wretch," quoth she, laughing, "I have changed his current of thought . . . nonsense goes farther than sense with fools and madmen. 'Twas lucky, sir, for you, I chanced this way . . . I never knew him vicious before. How long had you been fighting, and how fell you out?"

When I had told her, she fell into a muse, which I presently ended by saying, I feared her lady-mother would be offended at y^e advent of a stranger. "Not at all," replied

she, rousing up, "she hath heard of you already as the gentleman who talked of Ptolemy in the wood"—laughing, as she spoke, with a kind of innocent raillery, wherewith 'twas impossible to be offended, and yet which hindered me not from feeling a little foolish. "My mother," resumed she, "is all kindness; she would sleep the worse o' nights, were her rosary of good deeds not made up." . . . "You said she had the key of a Holy Well," quoth I. "Oh yes," quoth she, "of a well, that is, which, from time immemorial hath had the reputation of holy. 'Tis famous spring-water at any rate. And 'tis hard by the Church in the Wood, where, at all events, a holy Anchorite once lived; and people still resort to it from time to time for the cure of sore eyes, sprains, cramps, evil dreams, the bite of a mad dog, rheumaticques, noises in the head, warts,

whitlows, and suchlike ailments. Howbeit, my mother always gives them somewhat to fit them, as she sayeth, to do the holy water justice; but it gets the credit of her cures for all that." . . . "She *does* cure, then," quoth I. . . . "I warrant you she doth," quoth she. "Indeed, of the only two cases of dog-bitten persons we have had, it turned out that the dogs were not mad, but that was no fault of the well. And the consumptive patients always get a drink of new milk; and the weak-eyed have a dose of medicine and a penny to get their hair cut, and they that have warts are made to rub them with elder-juice. As to witches and ghosts, we hear of none such any longer among us, for they who were infested by them had their heads cleared of their distempered humours by a syrup of my father's that never fails of effect." . . . "Your

father practises medicine, too, then, madam," I said. "He did, while he lived," she sadly replied; "we lost him two years ago. He was a skilful physician, who had no lack of reputation, even in foreign parts; but a wearying malady and a spice of contempt for the ill-humours of a court life, made him shut himself up in this glen." . . .

"Nay, but why," quoth I, "should one who, I question not, was erudite and ingenious, deem amiss of courts, wherein the brave and good and witty soe oft herd together and find their meet level?" "You must answer your own question," replied she, smiling, "since I never was at court myself . . . what good have you ever found there?"

"Foremost," quoth I, "there is that sovereign grace of courtesy, which is plainly derivative from no other than court-usé—the usage of courts." "Aye," quoth she,

“my father was wont to commend their manners more than their morals; but he called it a deceitful gloss laid over a worthless substance. Doth any true love for one’s neighbour flourish there, think you?”

“As for love,” quoth I, “sure that must needs abound there plenteously, for all the walls and windows of every ante-chamber are scrawled with nothing else than love and love and love, and love me dear! and as for friendship, till you ask a man for something you really want, you would never guess a lack of it.” She smiled and said, “I see your estimate and my father’s amount to much the same thing. As for courtesy, I hope our country manners are not so bad but that we can express kind feelings in kind words, if not in fine ones. And, save for fine words and fine clothes, I imagine we clowns have the best of it.”

. . . "The court ladies would, however," quoth I, "find a remote life intolerably dull." "Very likely," returned she with indifference, "albeit I never have a moment that hangs heavy on my hands, nor a day without its prevised allotments of business and pleasure. As thus: o' Mondays, to work for the ragged; Tuesdays, feed the hungry; Wednesdays, pray with the dying; Thursdays, teach the ignorant; Fridays, fast for the unconverted; Saturdays, distil medicines 'gainst winter; and Sundays, praise God."

"But how if the snow be on the ground, on winter days?" quoth I. "Well," quoth she, "my good father hath left us store of books in five or six different tongues, the most crabbed of which I can make out more or less, with my mother's assistance." "She must needs," quoth I, "be a lady of singular

conditions. . . . from what I can gather, a rare composition of most excellent gifts."

She looked at me doubtfullie for a moment, and then replied, "We should not praise ourselves, and it seemeth to me almost like self-praise to praise her, we are so knit up together, yet, God knows I owe all to her, and she nothing to me . . . belike, I have spoken too much already to a stranger."

I was ready to tell her she had not spoken half enough; but did not. So we went on awhile quietly, until she of herself resumed, as 'twas likely a woman would. Quoth she, "I have now met you, sir, these two times, and served you a little each time, yet know not how you are styled, nor whence you come . . . are you sojourning in these parts?"

I made answer, "I am a poor Cambridge

scholar, come thus far from home for health and quiet study beneath the roof of some rustic cousins. My father, who is separated as far from his kindred as Abraham was from his cousins in Mesopotamia, hath sent me afield as Jacob sent Joseph, to seek out my brethren and ask them how they do."

In a kind of bantering tone, she pursued, "And what may your kinsmen call you?"

I answered i' the same vein, "At their wittiest, the Colledge Bookworm, and at their civillest, Cousin Ned."

"And what may their servants call you?" continued she. "Their servants," quoth I, "call me Maister Edmund." "But what," she persisted, "do you call yourself?" "Why, madam," said I, laughing, "I call myself your faithful Immerito."

"Well, Signor Immerito," quoth she, a little impatiently, "I see you know how to

keep a secret, and wish it may be worth your care. We country folks are commonly not ashamed of our names." "Nor am I," quoth I, "for mine is Edmund Spenser, a name well known in Lancashire and Northamptonshire, and some parts of Kent." . . . "Very likely 'tis known to my mother," quoth she, "for she is of kin to the Drydens of Northamptonshire; and we may soon ask her, for there she is."

And suddenly, amidst o' the wood, we found ourselves at a high, ornamented iron gate; through which we looked out of the deep green shade into a garden all aflame in the sunshine, laid out in square parterres, flaming with pinks, marygolds, Turks'-caps, Aaron's-rod, bellamours, sunflowers, and pauncies, as gorgeous as y^e Hebrew high-priest's breastplate; wherein was taking her pastime a lady in a Cyprus stole, who at

first looked like a blot on this gay picture, and yet was comely and fair to see, with a fan of kingfisher's feathers in her hand. To her my Bellamie cried out, "Mother, see, I bring you a wounded knight, who is, I wis, not very dangerously mangled; but Limeblossom hath fallen upon him savagely for breaking his toils, and took him so at unawares that mischief might have ensued, yet he was careful not to hurt the poor insane creature."

Quoth the lady, "He the more deserves my help; who, Rosalind, is your patient?"

"Master Spenser," quoth the daughter, "but see, mother, how he bleeds." Therewith the lady opened the gate, and I was about to make my duteous reverence; 'stead of which, my head o' sudden, seeming to spin round, I staggered a few paces and fell at her feet, as prone as Sisera; and,

when I re-opened mine eyes, 'twas to find myself in a fair, spacious oak-pannelled chamber, with a strong, clownish-looking youth at my side, who doubtless had conveyed me thither, and my two fair hosts standing by with looks full of concern. Also, there was a strong aroma of some mighty pleasant essence, like unto camphire and cinnamon, and the elder lady did apply to my brow somewhat that made it sting like a nettle, but eftsoons asswaged the pain, while the younger made me drink from a long, narrow, greenish glass I know not what cordial, but 'twas marvellous sweet and fragrant. Mine ears still rang with confused murmurs, like as of bees among lime-tree blossoms, and when I assayed to speak, y^e elder lady imposed upon me silence for awhile, saying I had best remain as I was for a time, to recover from the

effect of my swoond. Thereupon, having with a light hand bandaged my brow, she dismissed the youth, and turned to her tapestry-work, at which her daughter joined her ; both of 'em working at the same piece, with their backs to me, where I lay on y^e settle ; and I marked the youngest continually whispering into her mother's ear, the circumstantials of our rencounter, I question not, with the air of most entire confidence and assurance of sympathy ; after which they pursued their work in silence. I could not but secretly marvel, to find myself thus domesticated and carefully tended by persons of whom I knew not so much as the names ; and thought there must be something of Providence in it. Questionless, there was something of romance. The likeness and yet distinction between mother and daughter was singular :

both were tall, but the mother stooped a little, yet seemingly not from age; the daughter was as straight as an arrow, and lithe as a corn stalk swaying in the summer air. The mother was fair, but colourless: the tints of the other reminded one of a pearl and a peach. The hair of the elder, of a rich chesnut hue, wavy and thick, was a little streaked with silver: that of y^e younger was some shades darker, long, and smooth parted; the dirizzitura, as the Italians have it, fine and even as a thread. The one had quick, lively gray eyes, the other's were of dark blue, with thick lashes; but about and around the eyes of both were those soft, grayish shadings which give so great an appearance of softness and modesty. Both had marvellous white teeth, but the daughter's were smaller, and set in the finest convex I ever saw. In short,

never were two creatures more rarely gifted by nature ; and the love of the younger for the elder seemed unto me to have something in it passing the love of woman ; for, whereas, the love of a mother for a child is proverbial, that of a daughter for a mother is nowhere quoted in Scripture or the classics as being alike instinctive ; but this young lady kissed her mother's lips directly they met, albeit they could not have been long parted ; and whensoever the mother coughed, which she did slightly from time to time, the daughter's eyelids almost imperceptibly quivered, and she seemed to wince secretly. All this, and more, I noted as they sate at their sewing : also, everything about the chamber, which was all good and handsome, but not unfit for daily use. Also the books on the shelves, where I marked that a mischievous spider had

spun his web across Ariosto, Boccace, and Cynthio's Novelle; but that Seneca, Epic-tetus, and Marcus Antoninus betrayed frequent use; whence I guessed that I had not lighted on a poetical family. Also two pictures on the wall over against me, better painted than common; one a landskip, with two small figures in it of an angel, rainbow-winged, a-comforting a woman; but she could not be Hagar, for the vale was like Tempe, with no lack of water. The other was a fair woodland slope by the water-side at sun-set, with a circle of shepherds and shepherdesses dancing their hey-de-guys on the grass, to a pipe and tabor, while a young couple, perchance newly married, sate a little above and apart. Now, while I noted these things, a blue-coated serving man came in and announced dinner, and my benign hostess, turning

about, said, "Come, sir, you must do us the grace to share our barn-door fowl and cole-wort to-day, after which I trust your faintness will have so passed off as to be no farther lett unto you."

So what could I do? I was but too glad to stay; and yet too dizzy to have the full relish of my privilege; yet I knew, all the time, I was happy, though I could not feel it. After dinner, the gardener's lad lent me his guidance through the wood, with whom I discoursed of sundry matters well worth y^e coin I gave him, and I reached home with pleasant thoughts for my company all the way. Howbeit, mine eye was by that time so nigh closed, as to look like a parcel-ripe plum; so that all I could do that evening and the next was to sit i' the chimney nook, to the great pitying of all the household, who came about me after the

flocks were folded, and assayed their might to amuse me by tale-telling. What tales they were! . . . not exactly of a cock and a bull, but of a kid and a goat, and of a fox and ape that went to see the world, such a world as you and I have yet to see. For mine own part, I repaid them with such a dish of magic and fairy-lore that they were ready to sit up till midnight; and Hobby, in a kind of enthousiasmos, at length cried out, "Why, Cuddy, he's amaist as good as Colin Clout!" On my asking who this Colin Clout might be, they could only say he was a shepherd-swain, lived and dyed long ago, famous for his piping and poesy, none of which, it would seem, existed among them, even in fragments. Indeed, he appeared to be a kind of myth, a north-countrie Orpheus, who had whilome aimed to tame the salvages hereabouts. I have

ever since been dubbed Colin Clout among 'em; a piece of wit suited to their capacities.

When I described to them where and with whom I had been, Cuddy cries, "Why, Hobby, 'tis the widow's daughter i' the Glen he's been harping about all along. Who'd a' thought it, after all his making her out to be fairer and finer than Ruth, Rachael, Rabshekeh, and all y^e rest of them shepherdesses?" So little skill and appreciation of what is perfect have uncultivated minds.

So now farewell, my good Mr. Hervey. I think this tedious tale will prevent your sueing for another picture-letter some while to come.

Your faithful

IMMERITO.



V.

GOOD MR. GABRIEL,

'Tis at your own good pleasure to show, or save y^e showing, of y^e inclosed bald rhymings to your noble friend. Mine own apprehension is, that by overmuch cloying his delicate ear, I may gather a contempt of myself rather than any commendation ; but the relish you and he have already expressed for my sorry attempts, inclines me to annihilate mine own determinations in respect to your better judgment, insofar as my versings are concerned ; for, as regardeth my prose communications, they are, as I have aforetime insisted on, for your eye and yours alone.

I know not whether to take advantage of your own declaration in my behalf, that 'tis false to imagine the life of shepherds incapable of any refinement, or that their sentiments may not at times soar above the grassy leas on which batten their flocks. For certayn, our real Hobby and Cuddy know little beyond the names of a few roots and a few stars; but this, as far as y^e art poetick is concerned, is not of moment. King David, who was called from y^e sheep-folds, was the rarest of poets; and e'en our dear Lord likened himself unto a shepherd. Howbeit, I begin alreadie to aim at a higher flight than I have yet taken among these poor hinds; the method of which, as well as some unconnected samples, I shall herewith send you. 'Tis, in fact, a dark conceit, or continuous allegory, wherein I intend to pourtraict in King Arthur, before

he was king, the image of a perfect gentille knight, illustrated in y^e twelve notable virtues; each of which, it is like, I may exemplify in a separate book, agayne subdivided into cantos. And, in furtherance of this conceit, it is my intent to represent Arthur, after the completion of his long education by Timon, as beholding in a vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty enamoured, he, on awakening, resolves to seek her out. Now, this same Queen o' the Fairies is no other than Glory in my general intention: but in my particular, I purpose shadowing forth our liege Lady Elizabeth. Agayn, Arthur himself is to be the incarnation of Magnanimity; and my subordinate knights will each personify a severall virtue. The Faery Queen, you must understand, keeps an annual feast of twelve days' duration; upon which twelve severall days,

twelve severall adventures happen, which are undertaken by twelve severall knights, the first of whom, St. George, otherwise the Red-cross Knight, I herewith commend unto your acquaintance, being self-satisfied he hath at all events more claim to it than have Cuddy and Hobbinol.

. . . So you would hear farther news of my Rosalind. And yet Rosalind is not her true name, neither. And yet, 'tis all you will ever have for it. And yet, if you had the skill, you might spell her right name out of it too.

I proffer you my most grateful thanks, good Mr. Gabriel, for your so cordial offer to procure a letter from Mr. Eras. Dryden, albeit I desire not y^e same ; firstly, because I must then needs gratify your not unnatural curiosity concerning y^e name of my lady-love, and second, because, in good

sooth, I have no need of a better introduction than hath chanced to me already, through a certain happiness I have often and now again had, of being taken on trust after short acquaintance ; so that, thanks to the unsuspectingness and little ceremony of remote parts, I am now as familiar (I fear me :) with my fair one as I am ever like to be. 'Tis an innocent pride of mine, methinks, to make mine own friends. No friends are such good ones as those we make for ourselves ; and I made you mine for myself—mine own Mr. Hervey !

'Twas a full se'nnight or ever I was fit for any lady to set eyes on, after Limeblossom's assault. On the Sabbath afternoon, having wandered across y^e moor to the skirts of the greenwood, I heard the tinkling of a bell, which meseemed to denote a call to some forest sanctuary, and therewith struck into

the woods, in the hope to trace it out. Howbeit, the bell had long ceased, and the service had had time enow to be ended or ever I made my way through the maze. Just as I had given over the search, I all o' suddain found myself confronting the prettiest little Church in the Wilderness that man ever set eyes upon; lowly as a hermitage, erected on consecrated ground, for here and there were some mossy headstones of long-forgotten graves peering thorow the turf, but occupying a very small portion of the ground-plan of y^e original structure; amid the which it stood like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. This little Chapel in the Wood was so smothered in girlonds of wild ivy, that 'twere difficult to say whereof its walls were built; but the window-sills and lintels were of rough wood, and in front it had a little Doric portico, the

pillars whereof were the trunks of unbarked trees. As I came close upon it in the glade, I heard the murmur of female voices within-side, either praying or reading; and stealing round towards y^e porch, did find Lime-blossom lying at length right in front of it, so as to bar all ingress save over his long body, and so as to hear every word spoken withinside himself. He eyed me, and I him; but, despite his shaggy looks, there was some softening influence of time or place upon him, that perhaps rendered him gentler to behold than myself, with my black eye. Having no conceit to disturb his solemnised mood, I turned about, and paused awhile aneath the open casement, through which, to my inexpressible delices, I could hear the voice of Rosalind holding forth some wise like this.

“ ‘Blessed are they who keep his testi-

monies, and seek Him with their whole heart.' . . . Their whole heart, thou hearest, Goody. . . . 'Tis no good to give Him half an one . . . you or I would not accept it, and how should He? 'For they who commit no iniquity, walk in his ways.' Only they who commit no iniquity; . . . as long as we allow ourselves in any known sin, though but picking up a few sticks on a Sunday, Dame Halliday, we may be sure we are not walking in his ways. And what ways they are! I am sure, dear Joyce, stone-blind as you are, you have found them ways of pleasantness and peace. 'Thou hast charged us that we should diligently keep thy commandments.' Ah, yes, nothing short of diligence will do, and yet how slothful e'en the best of us are! . . . 'Oh that my ways were so directed that I might keep thy statutes!' But it is

our own fault if we will not look at the direction ; he that runs may read it, even if he cannot read anything else. ‘Then shall I not be confounded, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.’ Here lies the whole pith of the matter : we are continually put to rebuke, or expecting to be so, because we break some one or other of his laws ; . . . we keep some, but not all.”

Thus much, and othermuch i’ the same vein, did I hear with great reverence for the lady’s godliness and simplicity ; after which I departed as quietly as I came, with thoughts parcel-wove of song and sermon.

So soon as I was fit to be seen, I bent my steps towards the house in the glen, as well to return thanks for past favours’ received, as to inquire for my Chaucer, which I had never set eyes on since the event of my

swound, and which, being a gift of yours, my good Mr. Gabriel, I could not readily part with. I resolved to be brave, and put on my tawny-coloured doublet, slashed and lined with satin, Cordovan boots, and a hat of the newest block. I would fain have ta'en my love a nosegay, but, in lieu of the roses, lilies, and coronations that cluster in the pleasaunce of Penshurst-place, there is nought in this wretched kail-yard but southernwood, borage, and a few poppies, and rosemary bushes. I had a mind to offer Jacquet a tawdry lace for her cosset-lamb, which is as white as a snowball, but doubted whether the lady would accept it at my hands, or thank me for my pains: so resolved to eschew Eastern usages, and present myself empty-handed. As I went through the wood, all nature seemed to smile on me, and bid me good speed; but,

though I again marked the contorted trunks which had aforetime minded me of Olindo and Sophronia, they no longer seemed to bear out the resemblance with equal closeness, but to writhe themselves away into arabesques, wherein we see forms rational and irrational, lapsing into flourishes and foliage. Arrived at the iron gate, I saw withinside it, seated at her mother's knee, and with a book on her lap, my lady-loved, not clad in black as afore, but in white that seemed to attract and concentrate on itself, and on her own fair face, the sun's purest rays; and whenas she lookt up and saw me through the gate, I saw what Petrarch meant when he wrote of *Il Lampeggiar dell' Angelico Riso*. "Here is Signor Immerito," quoth she: and the *abord* of the mother was as friendly as that of the daughter. Soon we were all three sitting on a garden

seat, hard by a fountain, where we were presently joined by a young lady called Florise, or Fleurice, a friend of Rosalind's, but not pretty. The mother took the lead, and asked me divers questions about Kentish and Northamptonshire families; in which Rosalind, ceasing to take interest, continued dipping hither and thither in her book, which I had, from the first, espied to be my Chaucer. Presently she sayd, "This volume seems to be yours, Mr. Spenser. . . . We found it but now, and were debating how and where to return it to you." I made answer that it was at her service as long as she pleased to keep it, and was honoured in attracting her favour. She did not seem to hear me, still turning it over; but presently said, "I don't know whether I favour it or no. . . . The portraictures are lifelike, and here and there are beautiful

lines. . . . How comes he never to have finished this tale about Canace? I should like to know some more about this good king of Sarra and his brave sons, and the young lady who knew the language of birds. . . . Howbeit, 'tis all vain versing." . . . I made answer, "Say not vain versing ; versing is not vain. They do the poet injustice, who deem his aim to be only that of tickling the ears. 'Tis a high and lofty gift, through the fancy to enslave the heart, and one that even holy prophets have not despised. Indeed, the true and holy poet hath somewhat of prophetick mission." . . . She smiled ironically, and said, "What, do you belong to the craft? I knew not I spake to a brother of the guild. Here, sir, take back your book. . . . I thank you, but will none of it. . . . I never met with poet yet who did not

overbalance what I liked with something I disliked. I love words of truth and soberness better than any old wives' tales, or e'en than tales told by franklins and squires."

And othermuch to same purport, whereby I know not whether I were most provoked or attracted. The elder lady and Fleurice took my part, but the battle went hard agaynst me; and I think the mother was afraid Rosalind had a little overstept the bounds of politeness, for her own manner became doubly bland, and, at parting, she courteously exprest a wish to see me agayn. Never was request more readily complied withal. The next time I went, I carried in mine hand a bold attempt at finishing Dan Geoffrey's broken thread, in the vayn fancy it might please Rosalind, despite her avowed judgment, to hear somewhat more

about Canace. We had a mighty sparring of wits; but she consented to read it, and give me her unqualyfide opinion. . . . I expect it will be unqualyfide enough! Our party, this time, was enlarged by the presence of a heavy, handsome, loutish young man, who spake little, and that little wide of the mark. 'Twould do you no good to know whether he were named Percy or Murray, so I shall call him Menalcas. He broached one or two laboured jokes that were dead failures; and finding that Rosalind, with all her spirit of contradiction, affected me rather than him, turned sulky, and was quiet a good while; when, with a species of well-digested malice, he abruptly asked me where I lodged? whether I was of kin to the Spensers of Ewebuchts? and, by a species of Socratic questioning I had scarce given so hard-headed a fellow credit

for, drew from me many mortifying particulars about their homeliness, which I could not with truth deny, nor with good humour parry. I thought the lady-mother was a little impressed to my disadvantage therewith ; but Rosalind unexpectedly proclaimed herself mine ally, and roundly accusing Menalcas of impertinence, bade him take example by my truthfulness and good temper, which she said she was sure proceeded from no lack of spirit. And so left the spiteful cub discomfited.

’Tis to no use I write all these things.
. . . “A plough for the furrow, a sickle for the corn, and a scourge for the fool,” which I take a lover to be. And e’en in the teeth of this axiom, I am ready to declare with the wise king’s mother, that the price of a good woman is above rubies : her own works are her praise.

Farewell, good Mr. Hervey! Do not, of your gentleness, keep me too long in suspense, touching your opinion of my Faery Queen.

Your faithful

IMMERITO.





VI.

* * * * *

. . . YOUR praise, Mr. Hervey, falls on a dull ear, that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. 'Tis fine of you to desire me to forgive you for shewing yourself somewhat too pleasantly disposed in a sad matter; and 'tis easy for you to say the spirit of love ever bears a man upward, towards all that is high and grand, raising him above the damp mists of earth, and animating and refining his being. Successful love may; disappointed love may, when the pursuit has long ago been given over, and the heart

mastered; but . . . far otherwise the case of lover stands, who knows what hell it is to be off and on, to-day expecting, to-morrow vexing, this while pursuing, the next relaxing, now offended, then forgiving, now her offending, then by her not immediately forgiven, to-night resolving to approach her no more, to-morrow taking or making the merest occasion . . . to scorn one's self, to hate one's rival, to loathe one's food, to forget one's own kindred, to forget one's own health, purposes, duty, study, business . . . in a word, to be most foolish where he should be most wise, most stupid when he would be most pleasing, most idle when he should be most laborious, most beside himself when he should be most self-possessed, a pitiable spectacle in the eyes of men, women, and angels!

'Tis not for one in such case to do anything to the glory of God or man. Unwisely weaveth he that takes two webs in hand. Versing, to be worth anything, demands a vacant head. Grief never found in poetry a vent for the fresh fulness of its first excess. It will not babble of its pain. 'Tis when the storm is over-past, and the long, low wave runs sighing along the shore, that precious things are found upon the sands, and the clouds part, and heaven's dear blue reappears. Besides, after all, what is fame? what is success?—even when they are gotten. And we all know pretty well what it is to strive, and pant for them, and get them not.

I, Fame, am born of sorrow, and sit apart on my lonely hill. Long patience have they that quietly wait for me: they may seek me early, but they cannot find me. I know

my children, but am not known of them. I love not all that love me, and I am sometimes found of them that sought me not. Afar off they pant for me; afar off they seek me; they cannot attain unto me; the sandy hill-sides give way under their feet. They stretch forth their hands unto me, but mine are claspt behind me. Then they fall, they die, and I descend upon their graves, and write their names upon a stone.

. . . She is a most singular creature (I don't mean Fame), of bright and searching wit, and subtile and delicate fancy: one that for tenderness and delicateness you might suppose would scarce adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, and yet that hath no greater pleasure than in practical duties that carry some spice of roughness and hardness. She knows nothing deeply, but almost everything

superficially; perhaps as much of anything as 'tis well a woman should know; and she persisteth most obstinately in making up her opinions for herself, some of them bearing perversity on their very face: as when she mocketh at reputation, and glory, and good report, which she calls the vulgar's common breath; and even at honourable competition and emulation, calling them the ill parents of three ugly children, to wit, envy, hatred, and malice, maintaining them to be in direct opposition to the Apostle's command, "Let each esteem the other better than himself," and declaring there is no safe and innocent rivalry, save with one's own self.

And, in faith, there's some sense in her saying.

As for poetry . . . she sayeth that my images are far-fetcht, and my metaphors

extravagant, that my descriptions are over abundant, and my morals tedious, my words uncouth, and my sentences ungrammatical, my wit heavy, my wisdom light of weight, and, in short, my composures generally odious and not to be borne.

'Tis to no purpose I write her the most flattering valentines, drop sonnets in her paths, and hang acrosticks on the trees; she despiseth them for matter and manner, and me for assailing her with them.

She is indignant at me for wondering she should ride alone so fearlessly through the woods and bye-lanes, and sayeth there were once twin brothers called Sans-peur and Sans-reproche, who fared merrily together, and set the world at nought. At y^e last, Sans-peur thought he could shift without his brother and go through the world alone.

. . . The issue was that Sans-reproche

died of melancholy, and Sans-peur got his head broken for his pains. But she sayeth they have resuscitated for all that, and are better friends than ever; and that she hath them for her constant equerries during her rides. Besides, quoth she, with malice, that day you were talking to me of Ptolemy, there was my foster-father ploughing o' the other side the hedge, and heard every word you said.

Listeners hear no good of themselves. Approaching the iron gate one day, I heard one say to another within y^e walls, He's so little! Quoth the other, If he's little, he's good. . . . Thought I to myself, that's me! Rosalind objecteth to me that I can't carry my head as high as Hæmus, and Fleurice insisteth that though I am little, I am good. Oh, Fleurice! I wish I could love you instead of Rosalind, but I cannot.

I am no eves-dropper ; but, whether I would or no, I heard said of whosoever might be the party referred to : he wears his hair so short ! . . . I suppose you will tell me 'tis town fashion.

Sweet Rosalind, if 'twill but find favour in your sight, it shall grow like the locks of a very Nazarite. I will have it but clipt twice a-year, like a hornbeam hedge ; Absalom polled his but once ; being ne'erthelesse so much of the beau, that, according to Josephus, he powdered his glistening locks with gold.

I would not have you to suppose that my suit is unknown to, or disapproved by, the lady mother. I would as lief steal her purse as her child ; 'twould give her by far less pain : but I have openly sought and obtained her good-will, albeit Menalcas is my fellow suitor. But Menalcas his father

is joynt guardian with her mother of my lady-loved ; and his grace, as you may guess, I obtayn not ; howbeit, Rosalind careth as little for him as she seemingly doth for me. . . . I say seemingly, for she openly commends my truthfulness, and what she is pleased to term my sweet temper ; and even affects my conversation, and reads while she abuses my rhymes ; in short, likes me in every sense but that of a lover, in which character she will not endure that any man shall approach her. There is some occult reason for this, I will if I can make out. Her mother privately telleth me, even with tears in her eyes, that she feareth she is herself the cause of Rosalind's repulsing so many forward lovers in her prime, who will not so readily present themselves to her when she is left orphaned and unfettered. But she tells me that Rosalind hath so gaily

put off this supposal, that she cannot well recur to it, and is e'en so involuntarily glad to keep her to herself during the short term she knoweth she shall continue, that she is willing to let things take their chance, or rather take the turn in which a good Providence directs them; and counsels me to do the same.

Farewell, good Mr. Gabriel, I would I could write on some other matter, or more hopefully on this. My father seems now as impatient for my return as he was indifferent to it when I importuned for my recal; but I must wait now till this coil is unravelled. *Sta sano ed amami.*

Your faithful

IMMERITO.



VII.

FEBRUARY, 1579.

GOOD MR. GABRIEL,

Colin Clout is coming home! He hath broken his pipe, packed his wallet, shaken the dust, or rather the snow, from off his feet against y^e north countrie and its villainous ways, and is setting his face toward y^e south.

We have had a most inclement winter. I had no notion what the rigour of y^e cold in this latitude might amount to: I think it freezes people's hearts; it froze poor Limeblossom's in right earnest. When the first frost broke up, he was found dead in

his hollow tree, stiff as a log ; with a dead robin, too, in 's breast, that he had tried to keep alive there as long as he had life himself. When Rosalind heard this, she shed warm tears, would 'a thawed anie heart not as dead-froze as his.

I had no notion, neither, of the fatigue, peril, and bodily suffering of a shepherd's life in winter. Let Tityrus pipe on his reed for me the livelong summer holiday, and Corydon plait rushen crowns and find strawberries for Phyllida . . . give me a warm corner i' the ingle-nook, a lamp o'er my head, a book on my knee, and a crab i' th' fire simmering for supper, instead of having to double my plaid about me, clap on my frozen brogues, and set my face as a flint against the midnight sleet, to ascertain whether an avalanche hath buried the fold on the hill-side.

Such dismal stories, too, as the hinds have had a mind to tell o' nights, instead of their summer fables of silly kids, and foxes that have seen the world, and fairies dancing their moonlight mazes. Nothing will fit them now, I promise you, but gashly murders beside low pools, apparitions with bleeding sides, blue lights seen in churchyards, men lost in the snow, and such like. When they have made 'emselves too scared to go to bed, mine uncle gives a loud hem ! opens the Word of God, reads some peacify-ing portion, and sayeth, " Let us pray."

My reel is ravelled. Afore the frost set in, I found myself o' suddain out of favour at the house in the glen, where scarce any one but Fleurice would speak to me. Driven nearly crazie for awhile, I at length guest by Menalcas his malicious looks who was the authour of the mischief ; and, hav-

ing got a character for playn dealing, resolved for once to benefit by it, by demanding an explanation. Meeting Rosalind just returning from one of her rustic progresses, I roundly told her of my grievance and my suspicions, and did, in short, clearly make out that Menalcas had forged an impudent lie of my having wooed Jacquet, the dairy-maid at Ewebuchts. I promised Rosalind the satisfaction of the testimony of Jacquet's rustick sweetheart, a good-tempered fellow, who always spends his evenings in mine uncle's kitchen, and a hearty partizan of mine. She thanked me, but protested she required no such satisfaction; firstly, because mine own speech carried conviction with it; and, next, because it was a matter of indifference to her whether I admired Jacquet or no, further than that she should be sorry for a gentleman to mis-ally himself,

or to break a poor lass's heart. Thereupon I spake ; pled as hard as a man could do for his life ; could get never a word but No. I admitted her great deserts, and my great demerits : she sayd 'twas not that. I sayd her mother loved her too dearly to wish to keep her single : she sayd that was another reason why she should wish it herself. I sayd, maybe she liked some one better : she sayd, maybe she did. . . . However, correcting herself directly, she sayd that was a lie, which ought not to be spoken, even in sport. I sayd, was there anything I could alter in, anything I could achieve, to make her like me better ? she sayd No ; she liked me very well already, as times went—a great deal better than Menalcas. Well, then, I sayd, I should live in hope. She askt, of what ? I sayd, that times might alter. She smiled, and sayd they might,

but she should not alter her mind. Then I called her cruel ; and she askt, in what ? I sayd she would have my death at her door. She sayd she had not thought I could speak so like a fool, and that she loved her liberty as well as I loved her, and did not see why she should make herself unhappy by marrying a man, just because he would be unhappy for a little while if she did not ; she had never askt any one to love her, 'twas at their choice. I sayd 'twas involuntary, and no choice ; to which she made answer that 'twas equallie involuntary in her to keep of her own mind ; and if one was no fault in the one, neither was the other in the other. As to my talking of dying, 'twas just like the Israelites, the minute they had swallowed their last meal, before they were even hungry . . . nothing but die, the very first word. I was

as little like to die as they were, or as any one she knew, and she hoped would live long to be useful and happy; neither of which she thought me likely to be at Ewe-buchts farm; and therefore should be glad to hear of my returning unto polished courts and learned colledges, where she was sure I was formed to be both useful and ornamental; and she spake not out of book neither, having seen something of the world for as young as she was, having been twice to Carlisle and once to Cyprus, albeit that was when she was a child. I sayd, Rosalind, you might learn somewhat more of the world than you have seen yet, if you could look into the little world of mine own heart, wherein you have called into being as many struggles as there are in a great city. . . . You would see affections you might engross; admiration you

might command; aspirations you might confirm, strengthen, and ennoble. If I won you, I say it not in vain boasting, but from an uncontrollable conviction, I could make you immortal!

She said, I know what you mean, but it moves me not. I desire immortality; but not the sort of immortality you could confer; make your own name immortal first, and then offer your love an amaranth wreath. Howbeit, I am not deriding your forecast of immortality; the strong conviction of success often argues the power to obtain it. The energy needful in the effort will be the best cure for disappointed love. And to a gentle and yet strong mind, such as I think yours is, an unsuccessful passion may in time bring forth a far richer harvest than the happiest love.

I will not tell you of the hot tears I

brushed away as I went through the wood ; nor how, when I went to take formal leave of one who, when absent in the body, will ever be present with me in the spirit, I heard her, whether I would or no, giving a much shorter answer to Menalcas than she had given me, and flatly accusing him of his falsehood and ill-offices towards me. He came through the iron gate, foaming with rage, which, as soon as he cast eyes upon me, found vent, after his lubberly fashion, in the following manner :—

I wunna be overheard ! I wunna be circumvented ! And gin ye come prowling about hereaway to circumvent and overhear me, I'll give ye something that shall put it past your might to set foot in these premises agayn. I wull : I'd as lief do it as gie ye a slap in the face.

In his own speech, I made answer, Na,

ye wunna ; and, collaring him, did give him such a shake as sent him staggering ; expecting, I confess, to have him upon me the next minute, with all the savage strength of poor Limeblossom ; 'stead of which, he stood rubbing his shoulders and looking amazed, while I, passing through the iron gate, bolted it after me, and walked in-doors at a breathing pace.

Rosalind, to mine infinite contentment, had seen ye passage of arms from her lattice. Her first words were—Signor Pegaso, you are, for spirit, tempered with humanity, a match for any man in Christendom or Kent . . .

“ Con la penna, e con la spada,
Nessun val quanto Torquato.”

. . . 'Tis a playful proverb of hers, touching Kent, that 'twas the last county

in England that remained unbaptised and unconverted in the days of King Ethelbert.

Her last words . . . Good so, what an unseemly blot have I made on my paper. Go to! There was not much in them, except to the party most interested. Kindly, too; and elevating . . . My first kiss was my last!

I have only one thing to require of you, Mr. Gabriel, as you tender my friendship, and to desire of you, as you value my love; that you will out of hand burn every one of the letters you have received from me since I came to this place; and never hereafter, by inquiry, allusion, quip, or inuendo, refer to the lady in question. Time, resolution, and the grace of God may cure me: nothing can, short of all these three.

Your faithful

IMMERITO.



NOTES.

I. ROSALIND.

THAT Spenser, in early youth, visited some cousins near Carlyle—that he there fell in love with a young lady, “the widow’s daughter in the glen,” whose name, he says, was and yet was not Rosalind—and that, though wooed, she was not won by him—are particulars gathered by a careful study of his works. He often alludes to her casually, it might almost be said irrelevantly, in his poems. Thus, in “Colin Clout’s come Home again” (*i.e.*, come back to Ireland—“Colin Clout” being one of his fancy names for himself), there occurs this passage :

“ Indeed,” said Lucid’, “ I have often heard
Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed,
For being to that swain too cruel hard ;
That, her bright glory else, hath much defamed—
But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so that used her so well?
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
For loving not ? for who can love compel ? ”

II. LIME-BLOSSOM.

In book vi. canto 4, of "The Faëry Queen," is the rescue of Serena by the "salvage man," who comes bounding towards her "as swift as any buck in chase," and, at whose impetuous attack, her assailant—

"'Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out ; a thing uncomely for a knight."

The poor salvage has no language but a confused murmur of words without sense, and shows his reverence for Serena by "creeping like a fawning hound" to her side, kissing his hands, and other signs. He "makes great moan, after his salvage mood" or fashion, for her and Calepine, whose wounds he staunches with a herb, and then brings them to his mossy dwelling and makes them welcome to his own vegetable diet. Calepine is soon healed ; but Serena's wound from the teeth of the Blatant Beast (Slander) no herb can cure, it being "inwardly unsound."

III. IMMERITO.

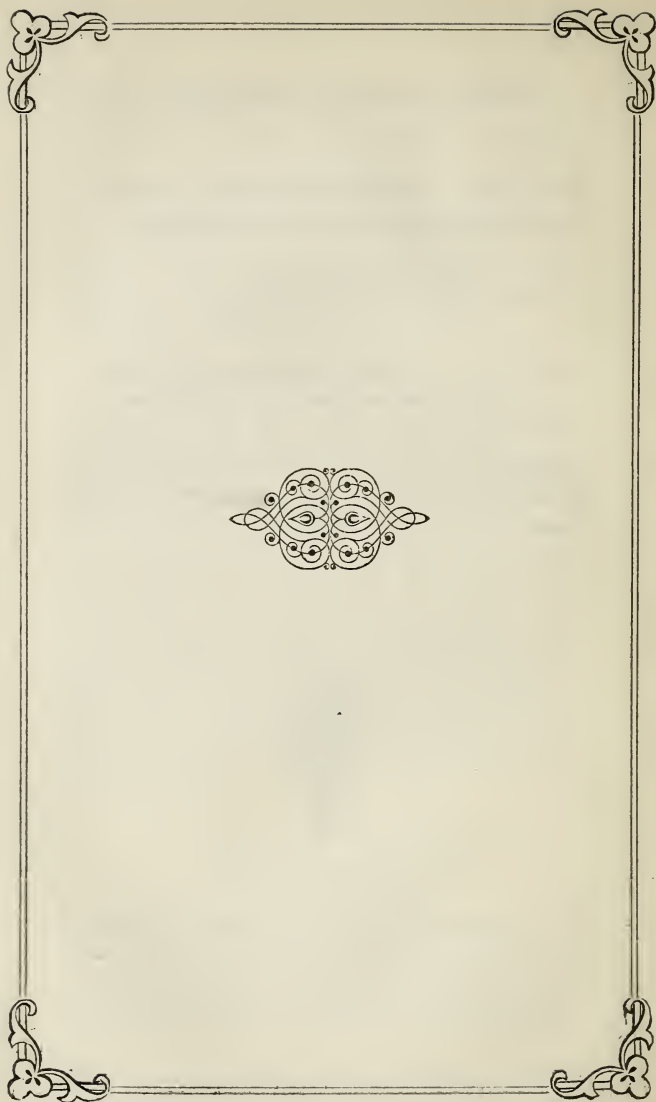
The reader is referred to the few letters extant which passed between Spenser and Gabriel Harvey, which may be found in vol. vi. of Spenser's Works, edited by Hughes, 1750. Harvey calls him "my loving friend,

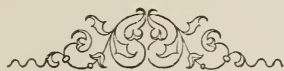
Mr. Immerito," "Signor Immerito," &c. In one of Harvey's letters, he says, "Think upon Petrarch's

'Arbor vittoriosa, trionfale,
Onor d' imperadori e di poete,'

and perhaps it will advance the wings of your imagination a degree higher, at the least, if anything *can* be added to the loftiness of his conceit whom gentle Mistress Rosalind once reported to have all the intelligences at commandment, and, another time, christened Signor Pegaso."



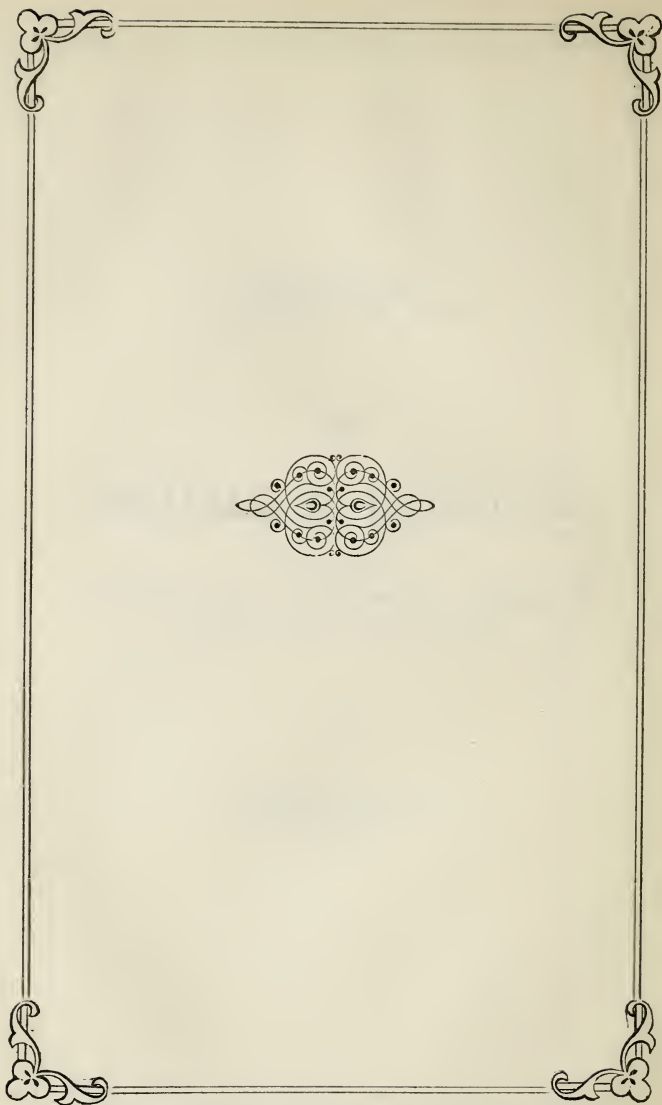




THE
DAUGHTER OF GALILEO.

FRAMMENTI ATTRIBUITO ALLA MARIA GALILEI,
FIGLIA DEL SOMMO FILOSOFO.





THE
DAUGHTER OF GALILEO.

“Ah ! che non sol quelle, ch'io canto e scrivo
Favole son ; ma quanto temo e spero,
Tutt' è menzogna, e delirando io vivo !
Sogno della mia vita è il corso intero.
Deh tu, Signor ! quando a destarmi arrivo,
Fa ch'io trovi riposo in sen del vero.”

METASTASIO.

“Quei, che di nuova luce il Ciel fe' vello,
D'astri nuovi ammirabile immortale,
Discopritor novello,
Quei, che volò su gli altrui voli, e feo
Del ver giudice il guardo, e co' pianeti
Commerci ebbe segreti.”

FILICATA.

ARCETRI, 1615.

WHEN I applied to my father, just now,
for help in a little toy I was making, he
said, laughingly, “Invent, invent !—use your

own mind ! When I was a lad, I was continually driven to invention, in default of knowledge."

—Down went this trifling remark, with some anecdotes that followed, into the notebook of Vittorio Viviani, who certainly loves my father with an ardour and veneration little short of idolatry.

These boy-authors are so conceited !—I am sure I could, if I had a mind, note my father's sayings more correctly than Viviani, and more *secretly*, too.

Well I recollect the first time that my father ever spoke to me about the revolutions of the heavenly bodies ; I had used the expression "from year's end to year's end." "And how, Miss Maria," said he, playfully, and drawing me to him, "would you pretend to know when the year came to an end, if you had never been told ?"

“Oh, father! a question so easily answered!” I replied, laughing.

“Very easily answered, you think, who know all that is vulgarly known of the distribution of times and seasons,” he rejoined; “but, believe me, the roughest calendar that ever was made required an immense amount of time and industry. Come, now; what would mark to you that twelve months have passed since this time last year?”

I said, “The return of the swallow.”

“Ha!” he cried, and paused. “That is a good answer of yours, little girl. In like manner, the Egyptians might have noted it by the annual overflow of the Nile. But there are lands the swallow never visits. There is only one land watered by the Nile. Can you think of any yearly recurrences that are universally to be known?”



I paused, and said, "I suppose, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. At a certain time every year, the sun approaches nearer to the south. I know this, because I removed my crimson gown two following years from the peg on which it hung, to prevent its fading."

"Yes, little Maria; you are now feeling out your way very nicely. The year runs round in a ring, and recommences whence it started; or, as the Greeks said, *returns into itself*; hence, its name *annus*, from *annulus*: but to mark its length with exactitude, demanded patient observation and close reflection. And, without the union of these two things, we shall never discover anything that is worthy to be discovered. To observe is more natural to us than to reflect, and reflection is one of the highest attributes of the human mind; but few of

us take the trouble to observe accurately; and, owing to this, the most absurd theories have been raised by men gifted with extraordinary powers of reflection. This was the fault of Aristotle's disciples; they reflected, but they did not observe; they built splendid houses on foundations of sand. Now, with regard to the peg in your chamber, on which hung your crimson gown, you *observed* that the sun shone on it at a particular season of the year, and you *reflected* that it must do so because it had approached nearer to the south. Always follow this mental process when you can. Instead of taking for granted, go and see; go and try; *then*, sit down and think. Induction first; deduction afterwards. Now, my little soul, go and play."

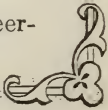
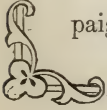
I shall not readily forget the impression my father made upon me on my return to him, this time, from Pisa, where I had made a lengthened stay with my aunt. He had just ceased looking through his telescope,* and was gazing upwards in the direction to which it pointed, with an intense expression in his keen eye, but yet as if it were with his *inward eye* that he beheld something new and amazing. All at once, he heard my step, and, turning round, caught me in his arms, exclaiming, "My little Maria! Pargoletta! Animetta!" with sundry caresses and terms of endearment; then, holding me from him at arm's length, "How you are grown! how improved! Nay, you are too beautiful for a cloister, Maria! And yet

* Telescopes were not as yet known by this name, but we are supposed to be rendering the writer's ideas in modern English.

. . . shall I give unto the Lord that which costeth me nothing?"

Why do I repeat and cherish his fond praise? as the expression of affection—nothing more. And yet, there is pain in it, too. Ginevra is as worthy to be loved as I, but she is not pretty. Does *her* loss, then, cost him nothing?

Coming into my father's study somewhat unexpectedly this morning, I heard him say, with some little acerbity, to Monna Lisa, "You speak as if her vocation were decided, but I have ulterior views for her." If he meant me, what can they be, I wonder? When I came from my convent, I had no other wish than to profess as soon as possible; yet now . . . the world seems so pleasant! When I see the Arno pursuing its placid course through the smiling champagne, dotted with clean cottages and cheer-



ful villages, all of them inhabited, I question not, with such happy people! each with their own dear friends, favourite pursuits, and easy duties, it seems to me so pleasant and innocent a thing to live abroad, and move to and fro, and make others happy, and still to find time enough to praise God; nay, to praise him in a more heartfelt manner!

Again, to sit unnoticed in the corner of my father's study, at my embroidery, while distinguished men come and go, and talk over all that is doing, and saying, and inventing, and discovering, in the world without, with their various speculations, and my father's comments;—seems to me more than innocent, very improving, as well as very delightful. I wonder what Ginevra would say of it?

If my father's talk were all of geometry

and astronomicals, I should, indeed, soon cease to listen to parallaxes and parabolas—soon stitch down my thoughts to the passion-flower I am working; but, as Bronzino says of him, “only those who familiarly converse with him, and hear from his own mouth his oracular sayings, and familiar and poetical illustrations, can judge either of the profundity of his knowledge or the universality of his genius.” He has the rare and happy art of being “all things to all men.” With Duke Cosmo he converses on science, literature, and court affairs; with Pinelli on gems, medals, and manuscripts; with Passignano, on perspective and design; with Cigoli, on colouring; with Scaccia, on music. He will put down his compasses to answer any of the boy-difficulties of my brother Vincenzo, or of his somewhat older school-fellow, Viviani, and talk with Salviati about

his vineyard. Cigoli was here, just now, to refer a new design to his judgment: my father proposed his painting my portrait; and, as I happened to be caressing a dove which Viviani had given me, Cigoli was pleased with the accidental attitude and grouping, and made a sketch on the spot. I am glad of this; the dove gives me something to look at, and I shall have nothing to do but to hear my father's and Cigoli's delightful conversation.

Passignano was criticising, overnight, that line of Rota's, in one of his sonnets on his wife—

“Feano i begl' occhi a se medesmi giorno,”

which he thought too bold and hyperbolic; but to me it appears quite simple. I am sure my eyes make a daylight for them—

selves; that is to say, my *inward* eyes throw an imaginary light upon different objects, investing them with a sunshine that does not always belong to them. Under this impression, I have been trying to write some verses, but I am afraid they are not very good ones. . . . My father says we should aim to express *thoughts* rather than *feelings*.

I cieli raccontano la tua gloria, O Dio,
Ed i fiori, con che questo il tuo bel colle si vesta,
E i valli, sì pieno di biade che fanno gran festa,
E anche il mio core esulta in te, signor mio !

La mia voce tu ascolterai al spuntar di giorno
Ma anche l'udirai al meriggiana, O Dio !
Benchè tutt' i miei si prendono siesta attorno,
Poichè tu sei meco, signor, nò, non dormiro io !

Vincenzio burst out laughing at Monna
Lisa for asking whether there were actually

any configurations in the heavens, agreeing with the names given them of Serpens, Draco, and so on; but my father checked him, saying, it was a natural question for his worthy housekeeper to ask; and that, though in fact the names of the constellations were quite arbitrary, and very ill-chosen as assistants to the eye and memory, yet it was singular that the same, or nearly the same, figures and designations had been given to the heavenly bodies in different countries, which led us to suppose that in early times they must have had some communication on the subject. The pursuit of such matters at all, he said, in an uncultivated age, argued an aspiration of the soul to things higher and better than those which address themselves merely to the senses; but fancy, imagination, and superstition soon mingled with the higher ele-

ments and led it astray. Many false guesses must needs be made before we leap to a great truth; but the false guesses of the early astronomers led them by seducing paths far away from where true knowledge is to be found, and made them fancy the stars endued with such power over the dispositions and fortunes of men that at length they worshipped them. Facts and ideas did not go hand in hand; they reflected, but did not accurately observe; whence, in subsequent times, arose many false hypotheses, as that of Aristotle, that the heavier of two falling bodies would reach the ground sooner than the other; "whereas," he continued, laughing, "I showed, by letting different weights fall from the leaning tower of Pisa, that all bodies would fall from the same height in the same time, if not unequally retarded by the resistance of the air; and

yet there were goosecaps present who would not believe the evidence of their own eyes! But—*magna est veritas et prevalebit.*”

Vincenzio and I amused ourselves by trying this simple experiment, by dropping balls from the balcony.

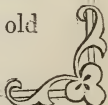
Yet it seems that my father entertains the highest possible opinion of some of the early Greek astronomers: of Hipparchus, for example.

Well, then, may *I* regard him with profound veneration. To me, it is absolutely amazing how with such imperfect instruments he should have made such notable discoveries. It was something for Anaximander to make out the sun's *oblique* path between the tropics, and to conceive of the earth as being globular; though, indeed, till

this was made out, men must have been strangely at fault—for how did they suppose the sun slipped round from the west to the east during the night? It is difficult, truly, to distrust the superficial evidence of our own eyes, as that the earth is flat, &c. ; but, as soon as we begin to think, we are driven to conclude that there *must* be phenomena to contradict the apparent evidence of our senses.

Again, the prediction of eclipses of the moon, by the Chaldeans, appears to me very wonderful. It is true, they were aided in this by their cycle of eighteen years, at the end of which the lunar eclipses begin to return in the same order ; but this required great patience, close observation, to turn to account.

I like to fancy them standing, on starry nights, at the summit of some tall, old

Babylonian tower, fixed, wrapt, motionless, like the statues on the top of some of our cathedrals. How petty the squabbles of daily life must have seemed to them! How little they could have cared for *the news*! How little it mattered to them, whether a certain city, a certain province, belonged to a Seleucus or an Antiochus!

Meton—he came first of the Greeks—four centuries and more before Christ. To him we owe the Golden Number. He corrected the cycle, so as to make the lunar and solar years pretty nearly correspond. But Meton's cycle is one of the things I am too stupid, as yet, to understand.

Nearly about the same time, lived Anaxagoras. Vincenzo tells me that this great man was preceptor to Socrates and Euripides. To him an altar was raised, inscribed TRUTH and MIND. They were so

dear to him! He was, literally, a philosopher—a “lover of knowledge.” He taught the doctrine of a Supreme Intelligence, and was the first Greek who conceived the primary active principle of the universe to be mind, existing apart from, and independent of, matter. Yet he was accused of impiety, for teaching that the sun was a burning mass of stone, herein robbing it of its divinity. He made out that the rainbow is produced by the reflection of the solar rays from a dark cloud, and that wind is produced by the rarefaction of the air, and sound by its percussion. Yet some of his guesses at truth, Vincenzo tells me, are sufficiently absurd.

Who was the Greek that Vincenzo next told me of? Oh, Calippus. He corrected Meton’s cycle, about six years before the death of Alexander.

Then, Hipparchus, who was at once a lover of truth, a patient, intelligent, accurate observer, and a man of genius. From viewing a tree on a plain in various directions, he made out the doctrine of the parallax, and, applying it to the planets, ascertained which of them were nearest and which of them farthest from him. Parallax is the apparent motion of an object, arising from our own change of place. Those poplars, along the Arno, if I were to walk or run towards my right hand, would appear to move at the same rate towards the left; while the woods and hills beyond them would appear to advance to the right, in relation to the poplars; and, again, the heights of Vallombrosa, yet more distant, would gain upon *them*. This is called their parallactic motion. It enables us to judge of their relative proximities. That which

seems to gain on the other, and advance as we advance, is the farthest off from us. And this must have been observed, in an unintelligent way, by thousands of people before Hipparchus; but *he reasoned* upon it, and applied it to bodies whose relative distances could be measured in no other manner. How many things we all see, without reasoning upon!

The distance of the fixed stars from us is incomparably greater than that of the planets. It is impossible to discover, almost impossible to imagine, their distance. My father's speculations about them set my head spinning. Perhaps, some amazing discoveries about them will yet be made. Perhaps, by him!

The grand discovery of Hipparchus, on which my father founds his exalted opinion of him, was that of the epicycle.



“The planets move in circles round the sun,” said the old astronomers. “No,” says Hipparchus, “they move in ellipses, or ovals; and hence they all have an elliptic inequality, *i. e.*, equation, of the centre. Your theory of revolving circles is incorrect. The sun’s path, about the earth, also, is not circular, but elliptic; and his motion is apparently most rapid when he is at the nearer end of his ellipsis: in other words, in his perigee, at his nearest point to the earth. How shall we account for this? Let us take a planet—Venus, for example—whose accustomed course is from west to east, but who, at certain times, seems to retrograde. Let us suppose her placed on the rim of an invisible wheel, turned edgeways towards us, so that we see it in perspective. The centre of this wheel revolves from west to east, carrying Venus with it; but when she

reaches the farther side, she will appear to us to pursue a retrograde course, though, in fact, she has not turned back, but is only carried round. This imaginary wheel I call an epicycle. By it I account for many apparent anomalies or irregularities which have hitherto puzzled us."

. . . To think of my putting words, my own words, into the mouth of Hipparchus! However, I am, in fact, teaching myself, or turning to account my father's teaching, while I pretend to make Hipparchus teaching his brother astronomers.

To discover, you must prove—if your discoveries are to be admitted by those who are reluctantly compelled to give up their own faulty and favourite theories. This he did. But I cannot tell how. He had to ascertain the magnitudes, distances, and

positions of his ellipses, to assign a place to the perigee, and a time for the sun to reach it. And he did.

After this, he applied the same principle to the moon, which was much more difficult, as her motions are much more complex. I am often surprised to see how she shifts round the horizon ; now, rising opposite to my window, which is due east ; now, to Vincenzo's, which is due west. If she left a trail behind her, it would be like a tangled skein of silver thread. But Hipparchus could follow its windings. He made an exact calculation of her eclipses for a period of six hundred years.

With what intelligent pleasure he must ever have regarded the starry heavens ! A young Englishman, who lately called on my father, quoted some lines by one of his poets, which my father, amused at their fallacy,

got him to set down in the original. Here they are :—

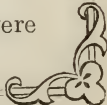
“ Those earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights,
Who give a name to every several star,
Have no more profit of their shining lights,
Than those who walk, and wot not what they are.”

Ginevra has written her letter to the Vicar Apostolic, and leaves San Matteo to-morrow, to partake, for two months, of the pleasures of this outer world, before she leaves it for ever. As Madonna Lucrezia is to be the *madrina*, Ginevra will be with her at the Villa Salviati ; but I shall see a good deal of her, nevertheless, as kind Madonna Lucrezia has invited me to spend some days with her.

I never saw any one look more interesting than Ginevra did yesterday, when she came to us in the abbess's parlour. Pretty she may not be; but she looked so holy and intellectual, and with just the faintest rose-tint of emotion at seeing us, yet with no flutter, no eagerness to take her short draught of pleasure . . . to me she was lovely. I thought her much more attractive, then, in her simple boarder's dress, than after her grand toilette, in her blue satin gown, with all those pearls in her hair. She tells me she shall be very glad when all this fuss is over, and would much sooner have taken the veil without it. She has not a wish beyond the convent walls; not that she never feels dull or sad within them; but *that*, as she says, is the condition of human life, without which we should never aspire to a better. Yet there are girls among her

companions, as there were among mine, who loathe the thought of professing, and who yet will be driven to it by the opinion of the world and family reasons. What a pity! They would very likely make good wives, mothers, and mistresses of families.

We accompanied Ginevra this morning to the convent, to make her formal request to the abbess. There were a good many people. My father had taken her on his knee, the previous evening, and asked her, in the kindest manner, whether she were really prepared to take the veil. The gentleness of his tone, I think, made her falter a little; but she said yes. So, then, he kissed her, and seemed very glad; and I ought to feel so too, I suppose, but I cannot. I like her so much, that I wish we were



always together. I said as much to her overnight, and that I should like to be in the same convent. She smiled, and said, "You will never be a nun."

The abbess seemed overjoyed to see her. I think she loves her sincerely; and there is no one to whom, in comparison, Ginevra owes so much kindness. After the business of the day, which was soon over, we had chocolate and the most delicate sweetmeats. Then, dressing, driving about, sight-seeing, and visiting, filled up the day. The *sposina* is the object of general attention.

I do not know how Ginevra can stand all this excitement; but I know it makes me feel very dissipated. A little of it was very well, but I am beginning to have too much of it now. On the other hand, she, who at first only regarded it as a necessary evil, begins now, as she says, laughingly, to enter

into the spirit of it ; and she actually had her hair dressed three times to-day ; first fancying flowers, then pearls, and then flowers after all. I thought this silly of her, and the *cameriera* was a little annoyed ; but Madonna Lucrezia enjoyed it. Ginevra, however, was dissatisfied with herself ; and, at bedtime, said, with a sigh, "I cannot think what has made me so inconsistent to-day."

Ginevra has undergone her examination to-day. She was fluttered beforehand, and trembled a good deal ; but, about an hour before the vicar came, she requested to be left alone, and, I am sure, prayed. She afterwards came forth, composed enough, though her eyes showed that she had been crying. When he was gone, she gave a



deep sigh, and said, "Well, I am glad that is over." Afterwards, we went to the Gallery, which Ginevra never tires of, being endowed by nature with a strong relish for excellence in the fine arts. Next to Scripture pieces, landscapes please her most, for she cannot endure mythological subjects. Of natural scenery, also, she is passionately fond; and I have heard her say that fine clothes, fine dinners, and fine people could be renounced by her with infinitely more indifference than change of scene, and free exercise in the open air. She says she *cannot* think it wrong to love mountains, and rivers, and trees, and wild flowers; but that since those who are wiser and better than she is have restricted her from the enjoyment of them, she submits.

Too much hurried and engaged, of late, to take any regular notes, or make any regular progress in anything; but we shall soon be quiet enough—Ginevra takes the white veil to-morrow.

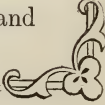
Madonna Lucrezia is quite taken up with the bridal dress and chaplet of roses; but I can do nothing but cry. Oh, that she had never left San Matteo! It would have been far easier to her and to me, but for this draught of innocent delight in each other's company, and the not equally innocent whirl of gaiety, dress, flattery, and excitement. Poor Ginevra's few lonely hours have been spent in tears, and on her knees. Often she has said, with an accent of impatience, "Oh, that it were over!" And yet, when she heard of an entertainment at which some persons peculiarly dear to her were to be present *next week*, the tears

started into her eyes!—I could not forget her look at that moment—it haunted me all the rest of the day, and made my eyes fill whenever I remembered it. At night I prayed for her with unusual fervour; and my senses being quickened to every outward impression, I thought I heard the sound of something falling in her chamber, and could not help stealing in. She was lying on her face upon the floor, in the moonlight, with her hands clasped over her head; and, on being disturbed by me, cried out, with the utmost irritation, “Go away, go away!” which I did, pierced to the heart. To-day she is quiet and composed enough, and there is plenty to do: the dress to try on, farewells to take, presents to make, &c. What I value more than all the pretty things she has given me, are some verses she wrote,

a little time ago, and a long tress of her hair.

All is over now ; and it is of no use for Monna Lisa to try to comfort me, for cry I must. 'Tis all very well for her to say, "Tut, tut ! thus wept I when my younger sister married !" but the cases are different, nevertheless.

Well—she is the bride of heaven ; and at this moment, prostrate before the crucifix in her little cell, is, perhaps, calmer, more composed, already, than I am. But this morning was dreadful. We can never part, for ever, from any one whom we love, without an agony of the heart, even though the separation should be for our welfare. Ginevra had, I am sure, not closed her eyes all night : she was white as ashes, and



Madonna Lucrezia, who is a worldly woman, would fain have given a little artificial colouring to her cheeks, but Ginevra would not hear of it; so, then, the Madonna said, "Ah, well—

‘Non è palidezza, ma candore.’”

—She was rosy enough, afterwards, when she rose from lying on her face, while the requiem was sung over her. I suppose it had not lasted more than fifteen minutes, but they seemed to me hours; and I thought, if she *had* any regrets and misgivings, then must have been the time for feeling them. But, perhaps, there will be many a more trying season in her lonely cell; and the excitement, probably, kept her up, for when she rose, she looked bright and cheerful, and she went round kissing the nuns with great cordiality. My father gave

a great sigh, and muttered, "Vattene in pace, alma bianca!" which was the strongest expression of feeling that had escaped from him; and yet I think he felt a good deal, too. Afterwards, there were numerous friends dropping in to congratulate, and eat sweet-meats, and drink chocolate, and talk over the news of the day; but I escaped from them as soon as I could, and left them to Monna Lisa, who was quite in her element. One might have thought it had been her daughter's wedding. Bronzino, meeting me on the stairs, cried, gaily, "Well, I suppose your turn will come next." But I turned my face to the wall, and could not answer.

After a storm, a calm. I am trying, now, to understand a little more clearly about

epicycles and eccentrics. Viviani has been taking great pains with me.

“How different your father is,” he said to me, just now, “from what I had supposed him before I knew him. Hearing his report only as the great lecturer on mathematics, the royal philosopher, the antagonist of the Aristotelians, the inventor of the telescope, the discoverer of the mountains in the moon, the circumjovian satellites, and so forth, I expected to find him like one of those passionless and spiritualized old Chaldean star-gazers, rather than a man of like affections and inclinations with ourselves; and was accordingly disappointed. And, yet, who knows but it may have been the same with those ancient men of thought? They had kindred, I suppose, and family ties and interests; and hungered and thirsted, and grew weary, and were rested; and felt

pain, and doubt, and despondency, and self-disappointment, in their day, like the rest of us. Only, they could struggle more against these things; they had resources to divert their thoughts from them; they had treasures which no man could give or take away; richly-stored memories, boundless fields of speculation, wondrous powers of calculation, and great self-discipline and mastery of the mind over the body: and herein lay their might and their glory. Thus is it with your father; and though my first impression was of disappointment, yet, on the whole, I love him better for being what he is—impetuous, vivid, impressible, and sometimes even irritable and unreasonable—than I could have done had he been the impassive, unhumanized sort of personage I took him for. I should have revered him more, and loved him less.”



Viviani tells me that my father was the first to advance a single step in mechanics since Archimedes, who lived two thousand years ago.

Though I hate quarrels, I could hardly forbear smiling at a war of words which occurred, this morning, between my father and a Dominican, named Caccini; a little, fat man, with a shiny red face, and something most unpleasant in his small black eyes and beetle brows.

"I felicitate you, my son," he began, "on having recently given a daughter to heaven."

"I am very glad," returned my father, dryly, "that heaven does not expect such an expensive present from me every day."

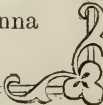
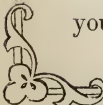
"Humph!" said Caccini, and paused. "I

had understood that her vocation was decided; and that, moreover, your younger daughter might be expected soon to follow the blessed example."

"My youngest daughter may or may not fulfil those expectations," returned my father; "but I should be very well pleased if her future destinies were left in the hands of the only person who has a right to rule them."

"Very good, very good," ejaculated the Dominican. "You will, however, admit that it is an unusual, not to say a dangerous, and still less to say an indelicate thing, for a young, unmarried person to be living at home, under no—"

"Under no eye but that of her natural guardian," interposed my father. "Yes, it is, as you say, an unusual thing. I suppose you may have heard, before now, of a Donna



Lucia de Medrano, who publicly lectured on the classics at Salamanca ; and of a Donna Francesca de Lebrija, who filled the chair of rhetoric, at Alcalà. What, if I intend to train my Maria for a professorship at Pisa, or for a member of the Lyncean academy ? What should you say ? ”

“ I should say it was a very godless and dangerous experiment,” replied the Dominican. “ What good has knowledge done to women, from the days of Eve to those of Vittoria Colonna ? It serves no purpose but to make them free-thinkers and heretics.”

“ That depends upon what sort of knowledge it is,” said my father.

“ *All* secular knowledge,” pursued Caccini, “ all that comes under the Apostle’s denomination of ‘ vain babblings ;’ for such, say what you may, is the beginning, middle,

and end of a woman's learning. It makes them heady, perverse, and vain-minded. We see what has come of it in heretical England; and even in our own favoured land it has been the perdition of a Vittoria Colonna and an Olimpia Morata. They must needs read forbidden books, I warrant you! and have their ears tickled by heterodox preachers, until at length they come to fancy themselves worthy to be classed with Lydia, the seller of purple, because they sheltered and comforted certain false teachers, or, shall I not rather say, wolves, that had crept into the fold, and went about from house to house, taking captive silly women, laden with divers sins—"

"Hold," said my father; "Pietro Martiro and Bernardino Ochino were none of these . . . even our Bembo has left it on record



that the latter was the holiest man he ever knew."

"Tell me not of his holiness, tell me of his doctrine," returned the monk. "How shall I call a man holy who decided that religious vows were hurtful and wicked, our holy church unscriptural, and justification by faith the one thing needful? He was richly endowed with powers of persuasion, I grant you; his snow-white head and beard, pale countenance, and musical voice, made him, no doubt, highly interesting; but all these good letters of recommendation were used to an ill purpose; and even the austerity and simplicity which won for him men's hearts were borrowed from the cloister."

"I shall not dispute the matter with you," said my father; "though, certainly, if you fast as rigidly as men say he did, you

are very little indebted to outward appearance for a silent witness to it."

"What need had he to fast at all?" retorted the Dominican, nettled a little at the sarcasm, yet evading it; "he, who pretended there was no merit in good works! why should he, then, have practised them?"

"Simply for their own sake, it would seem, rather than for the praise of men or for their market value with God," returned my father; "therein proving himself a sad fool, I admit."

"Ah! my son," said Caccinì, "you men of genius know little of what you are about, when you attempt to handle any of the weapons of the celestial armoury. Sines and cosines you may be great in; but when you get upon holy ground . . . heaven defend me from you! Even on your own ground you wander, no reasonable man can

tell whither, for want of simple adherence to the canon of Scripture."

"But it was because Ochino adhered to the simple canon of Scripture," interrupted my father, "that you thrust him out of the church."

"What I say is," pursued Caccini, raising his voice, "that many of your new dogmata are equally opposed to Scripture and to common sense. What! shall I believe that the sun, whose circuit, we are told in Holy Writ, is to the ends of the earth, does not, in fact, pursue his course round it, but that the earth moves round the sun? How should the earth be spherical? Will you persuade me that there are living and moving beings on the other side of it, with their feet turned upwards towards mine, and their heads hanging downwards? The blood would run up into their heads."

“Just so,” returned my father, in the same tone; “and if a boy were carrying along a jug of milk, the milk would fall out, and make a milky way in the heavens; and the boy must jump up after his jug if he let it fall, and stoop down to catch his hat if the wind blew it towards the clouds, even at the risk of tumbling into the sky. The best proof of his not doing so, however, is that we are precisely in the same situation with him once in every twenty-four hours, and yet we do not fall into infinite space. There is a geometrical necessity for the globular form of the earth; and I am surprised that you, my good father, should make as though it were a new idea to you, when the doctrine was held by the Greek philosophers.”

“Aye, its spherical shape, but not its movement round the sun, which I remember

that Aristotle denied," returned Caccini. "Neither did he maintain the opposite hemisphere to be inhabited."

"Why, no," said my father; "it would be hard if he had left us nothing to discover, all these long centuries. What say you, for instance, to the mountains in the moon?"

"The idea is novel, and altogether abominable," replied the Dominican. "Mountains in the moon, forsooth!—wheugh! . . . I have heard of moonstruck men becoming lunatic, and have lived to see it verified.—Believe, believe me, my son, you will incur, with greater reason than Socrates did, the charge of corrupting our youth, if, in place of modestly adhering to what is written, you draw a set of inquisitive young fellows around you (Viviani, &c., had by this time joined the conference), who gape after some new thing, like the Athenians of old, fancy

themselves your Simmias, your Critias, your Phædo, and are prepared to swallow any monstrosity, even to the moon being full of populous cities, like Rome and like Florence."

"They have never been asked to swallow any such monstrosity by me," said my father. "What I said, and what I say is, that I do not believe the lunar body to be composed of earth and water, or to produce vegetable and animal life, like our own sphere. The length of the nights and days and the vicissitudes of its seasons must be widely different from our own."

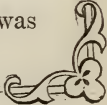
And he went on to illustrate this at some length, very little to the edification of the shallow and wrongheaded monk, who only reiterated, "Shew it me in Aristotle . . . neither of us, I suppose, presume to be wiser than he . . . only shew it me in Aristotle"

. . . which ridiculous answer at length provoked my father to exclaim, "And what have you Aristotelians, you servile followers of a famous but mistaken man, done? Have you added a single acre, rood, or perch to your master's field? Instead of glorifying him, you only bring his name into disrepute, by arguing on his false premises, and straying farther and farther from the truth. I don't know him, say you? Oh yes, I know him well, and his followers too. I know all your quips and hair-splittings, your divisions of things that are and are not, that at once appear and appear not!—your contrasts and oppositions, your limited and unlimited, rest and motion, void and no void. Did any good ever result from such questions as, How can before and after apply when time is not? or, How can time be, when motion is not? Do such imper-

tinent inquiries advance the student one step in physical science? Trifles all, sir, trifles all! Words, conceits, hypotheses, that fade away before experimental science and pure mathematics as the dreams of the night vanish before the cheerful light of morning!"

"You talk me down and will not hear me," said the Dominican, "but I know I'm in the right, after all; yes, and that I have the voice of the church with me. You have it all your own way just now, Signor Galileo, and your disciples and partisans may laugh and back you up; but, rely upon it, your doctrines are very unsafe, very unsafe."

And muttering "Very unsafe, very unsafe," as he heavily descended the stairs, which creaked at every step, he left my father laughing at him. Vincenzo was

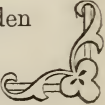
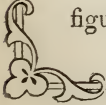
indignant at what he called the “bestialissima ostinazione” of the monk; but my father said it was no new thing to him to meet with an Aristotelian who would disbelieve nature herself rather than his master.

He then quoted to my brother, in Greek, a saying of Ptolemy’s, to the effect that he who would be a true philosopher must be a freeman in mind.

All this heard I, sewing with Monna Lisa, behind the green curtain.

I saw Ginevra last night in my dreams. Methought she was very sad, very pale, and in tears, though she said she was happy. Afterwards, I seemed following her through ever so many dark passages, she just in advance, yet out of sight, and saying to me,

“Come on ; fear not ; another has been this way before.” At length we reached the chapel, and there was heavenly music, and the smell of incense ; and just as the whole scene became overpowering, I awoke with tears on my face, and became aware of real music under my window. At first I thought my dream had not ended, but the inferiority of the music soon settled that ; and, just as I was wishing it would go away, I heard my father’s window open, and something said by him, to which voices answered from below ; and then, with a stifled laugh, he shut the casement. A sudden thought struck me ; I started up, sprang to the window and peeped out. Two or three men with guitars were standing under it and just moving away. I could not make out their faces, but thought I could recognise the figure of one, a little apart, not quite hidden



by his cloak. I stole to bed again, but not to sleep oh! so happy!

This morning, my father was so busy about something that he could not breakfast in a regular way, but took huge mouthfuls of a thick slice of bread and draughts from a basin of milk Monna Lisa had placed near him, without laying down his compasses. When he had finished his problem he finished his crust, and said, laughing, "That goes for nothing . . . now I shall help you with the figs . . . nothing like working before breakfast to make a man hungry." Then, reaching one hand towards the figs, which were from Selve, with the other, he drew from his pocket some dog's-eared scraps of paper, which he turned over as he ate; saying, "Our Viviani

is a clever youth, aye, and an original thinker, and a promising mathematician, though he *does* jot down his matters on such sorry scraps. What has he been about, now? ‘Suppongo che’ Hum! Make it out, if you can, Vincenzo, for I can decipher no more than his ‘*suppongo che.*’ A wise man will always write his thoughts so that they can be fluently read.” Vincenzo read off without much difficulty, “Suppongo che gl’ impedimenti de’ mobile procedenti dalle velocità sole, crescano colla proporzione delle medesime velocità; e che i procedenti dalle sole quantita, crescano colla proporzione de’ luoghi, che occupano nel medesimo mezzo le medesime quantità”

“Very fair,” said my father: “that is what the boy was talking of yesterday, but hammered over a good deal, and could not express clearly. Now, I was thinking over

it last night, in bed, when my rheumatism prevented me from sleeping, and made it out clearly, as you shall see. Supposing—”

And then they went off to their A C and D E, and parabolas and pendulums, and momentums and gravitations, very much to their own satisfaction, I dare say; at the end of which my father took another fig, saying, “Which was to be proved.”

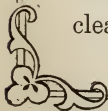
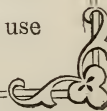
“And so then you went to sleep,” said Vincenzo.

“I should have done so, no doubt,” replied my father, coolly, “but for some one under Miss Maria’s window, I fancy, who seemed tickling a guitar into fits.”

Vincenzio burst into one of his merry laughs, and then stopped short, with more discretion than I should have given him credit for.

Father Caccini has been ridiculing my father from the pulpit, and preaching on the text, "Ye men of *Galilei*, why stand ye looking up into heaven?" My father is only amused at it; and says, "Never mind! it will never be said of Caccini as Charles the Fifth said of Ochino—'That man would make the stones weep.' He can command neither tears nor laughter, except by his absurdity."

I wish, however, that my father were less careless of offending the prejudices and provoking the malice of such people. Weak men may be dangerous enemies. In the present case the Dominican is not upheld by the general of his order, who has written an apology for him to my father. Minds of the lower sort are insensible to the weight of argument, and cannot be convinced by the clearest demonstration; but it is of no use

to assail them with satire and ridicule : their wounds rankle, and they await the first opportunity of cowardly revenge. Among my father's intimates are some who utter, in confidence, strange opinions concerning our church. I question if they are sound ; and yet there is much plausibility in what they say. When they quote, half timidly or quite openly, the opinions of Peter Martyr on justification by faith, &c., I sometimes doubt whether I am right in listening, like Sarah, behind the tent door ; and yet my father knows I am there, and calls to me, from time to time, for one thing or another. Some of them are good men, too ; and they seem to make me love Jesus more and the conventual system less . . . one thing is good, but must not the other be evil ? I suppose I must mention this at my next confession.

This morning, coming out of church, a letter was put into my hand. It proved to be from the Senator Pandolfini, and was so foolish that I burnt it as soon as I reached home.

Jacopo Mazzoni was urgent with my father, yesterday, to say whether he held Ariosto or Tasso to be the finer poet. My father said, comparisons were odious: he thought Tasso the most beautiful, though Ariosto pleased him the most. The one gave you words; the other, things.

And when Mazzoni commended my father's own style, he modestly answered, that, if he had any merit, he owed it to the repeated reading of Ariosto, of whom he would say, in the words of Dante,—

“ Io non lo lessi tante volte ancora
Ch' io non trovassi in lui nuova bellezza.”

Mazzoni inclined to place Ariosto above Tasso in invention: my father said that they borrowed too freely, and, perhaps, studiously, from the ancients—that what they had cultivated as a beauty, would, perhaps, hereafter be looked on as a blemish: men could not at once *follow* and *lead the way*. Mazzoni said there might be a chronological following: my father said there was more than that in Tasso's and Ariosto's imitation of Virgil, which proceeded less from want of creative power than from compliance with the tastes of their readers, as well as with their own. Few have invention; but there is nothing so sure of taking its place, and keeping it. Finally, he produced, with a little hesitation, a large bundle of papers, filled with passages from the two poets, which he had collated, and written remarks on, at odd times. Mazzoni

pounced on this ; and my father willingly consented to lend it to him, stipulating, however, for its return, as he said the subject might yet amuse an idle hour. Mazzoni promised ; but my father says, "he misdoubts the rogue."

I was disquieted beyond expression, this morning, by my father's telling me that the old Senator Pandolfini, whom I have only seen once, while Cigoli was painting my picture, wanted to marry me. I clung to him with unaffected horror, and said, "Oh pray, father, do not think of it ! Let me rather go at once into San Matteo." He smiled, encouragingly, and said, "You need not be afraid, Maria. It shall not be ; neither need you go at once into your

convent. It is a compliment that he has paid us, however."

I was so fluttered about this, that, at confession, I quite forgot all about Peter Martyr. Besides, I don't think it did me any harm: what was there to confess?—One thing troubles me . . . I fancy I owed the serenade, not to —, but to the senator. What a difference it has made in my feelings about it! I need not have looked so conscious, the next time we met. At least, if . . . I wish I knew!

BELLOSGUARDO, *Jan. 28.*

. . . My head is still so tender, in consequence of my fall, that I find I cannot yet write . . . I had hoped to be equal, at least, to copying those nearly-effaced lines of Ginevra's; but the mere effort

brings on that distressing fluttering. I must be patient. What a dreary season winter is! And this house never seems like home.—Yet it is not duller than a convent; and I have the same God to pray to here as there. Ah, Ginevra! worthy, indeed, were you to be his servant for ever! While I—can only steep your hymn with tears . . .

My father will come here to-morrow. Though I miss him so sadly, it is well to be away from him a little, sometimes. We may be occasionally too long in the enjoyment of the highest moral and intellectual communion with another mind, whereby that inward sense, through which the soul can alone gather true intimations of her nature and destiny, becomes somewhat

impaired. It was well, therefore, that I should be brought, however reluctantly, to commune with myself in a seclusion, where the works of God are immediately before me, and where no dearer voice drowns the voice of conscience and of nature. Here I have leisure, if I have but sense, to seek for wisdom, for holiness, for submission, and to converse chiefly with God, until at length (oh, how sad an *at length!*) I shall, perhaps, find a gulf has insensibly opened between me and the objects that were once too dangerous, so as to separate us for ever.

My father has come. Directly I approached him, I began to cry. He said, "Why, Maria, how is this?" and took me kindly in his arms. I said, "I don't know, I am sure; I have been very weak, I think,

ever since that fall." He said, "I can't make out about that fall. Little Viviani says, he was running up the marble staircase with the bride-favours, and crying out that his brother was married, when you, running against him, stumbled, and fell to the stair-foot. Could not you see the child coming?"

I said, "Oh, yes, my father, I saw him coming—that is—I"—and knew not what to say.

I said, "We have spread the supper beneath your favourite vine; and there are roast larks for you. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," said he, starting from a reverie; "but I don't like to see my own sweet lark with a broken wing."

"A broken *head*, father, would be nearer the mark, if you mean me," said I, laughing.

“Ah, well, something is broken,” said he, “that will presently be mended, I make no doubt, with a little time and care. That’s what the old wiseacre of a watchmaker said when I took him my watch. ‘There’s something wrong here,’ quoth he, very sapiently. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘that’s why I’ve brought it to you. I could have mended it myself, I fancy, if I had not grudged the time and trouble.’ Old Bartolomeo, you know him, Maria? And he pulled the old thing completely to pieces, till it did not look good for anything; and then he pored over it, and said the works were good for nothing, and that there was very little pure gold in it; and yet he was willing to set a just value on what gold there was; and I know and believe he can put it together again, and make it go, and go well. That is just what God sometimes does with us,

Maria. He shatters us at a blow, and shows how little worth we are—makes us feel there is no strength in us, and that, as the Reformers say, our works are nothing . . . and just as we have learnt it and confessed it, he sets us going again—going well.”

At supper-time, he chatted most cheerfully and pleasantly of all the Florence news—how that Bronzino and he had supped together, and amused themselves with making enigmata of his discoveries, which they intended to print in a newspaper, for the sake of puzzling the uninitiated; how he had played the lute, when his eyes were too inflamed for study; how the churchmen were railing at what they call his infidelity; how Marc Antonio had brought to him, as a wonderful novelty, an invention of his own, when he was a lad, which he had never

thought it worth while to make patent; how Mazzoni laughed at his verses, and praised his criticisms: Caffarelli's last witicism, Bertini's last foolery, and Vincenzo's tragedy, the first act of which took an entire evening to read.

"Oh," continued he, "you will likewise wish to hear news of the wedding. You must know, then—"

"Dear father," said I, "the pain in my head has been coming on for some time, and is now what you would call an *insopportabile molestia*."

"You shall go to bed, then," said he; "you shall go to bed," but continued detaining me; we sate in perfect, yet sociable silence, watching the rising of the stars; and, at length, rather by way of breaking the silence than anything else, I said "The night cometh, when no man can work!"

“Not the astronomer?” said my father, smiling. “Our Lord never meant us to strain the metaphor that far. Besides, he was speaking of the night of death, which, again, is a metaphor not to be overstrained ; for, as the apostle says of its approach, ‘The night is far spent . . . the day is at hand.’ ”

“Dearest father,” said I, “subtle hair-splittings like these make Friar Caccini and others call you a heretic.”

“Loggerheads,” said he, smiling. “Scripture can stand the test of reason and common sense. If it could not, it would no longer have the witness in itself of being the work of God. He tells us many things above our reason ; nothing contrary to it. Is it not self-evident, with regard to this very test of yours, that, in the night, the astronomer *does* work ? Welcome, then,

Night! solemn, brilliant Night! Were it not for you, all these glories would be unrevealed to us! The thin veil between us and them would be impenetrable. We should know of no fellow-planet but the sun—the sun, that makes dark to us the millions of worlds all around!”

— “Ah,” said I, after a pause, “what futurity short of eternity will suffice us, dear father, to explore all those worlds? Fancy a group of joyous, grateful, forgiven, *re-united* spirits, starting together on the glad errand!”

“*Forgiven*,” repeated he, softly; “yes, that will be the condition, sure enough. There’ll be no star-gazing in hell.”

“Fancy yourself and *me*, dearest father,” pursued I,—“for I think you would let me bear you company—and Copernicus, and Kepler, all starting off together, this way, to

some of those nebulæ in the Pleiades, or of Præsepe, which your tube has enabled you to discover."

"Ay," said he, drawing a deep inspiration, "that would be grand."

"*Will* be grand," said I; "I think the time will come."

"God grant it!" said he, heartily. "Remember me in your prayers, little girl, to-night. . . . How is your *insopportabile molestia*?"

"Quite gone!" said I.

"Ah," said he, smiling, "no remedy like a little star-gazing for taking our thoughts beyond ourselves. I knew that well enough, all the time I held you fast. Good night!"

My father was busy writing all this morning; I beside him at my needle. Suddenly, looking up at me, as he dipped his pen, he said, "Maria! what are you doing?"

"Working," said I, starting, and drawing out my silk.

"Nay," said he, "you were crying. I saw a tear fall and glitter between me and the tapestry. Come hither, dear; what ails you, hey? Come, tell me. Come."

I said, sighing deeply, "Father, I know not. It may be want of faith, want of health, want of work. I pray for faith, I try to bear languor and sadness, and—"

"And you are willing to try hard work. You shall have it, my daughter. Maria, I need no telling that you are vexed about something that has occurred; I am vexed too, I confess to you; what can we do? nothing? Nay, we can do much; we can

discipline, we can conquer ourselves. You are dear to me, my child—I will help you all I can. I have already been turning in my mind what to set you about, for, Maria, yours is no common soul or mind. Your best, your greatest time is to come. You may, if you will, be a Lucia de Medrano—a Francesca de Lebrija.” . . .

“Ah,” said I, deeply sighing, “I would sooner be a Vittoria Colonna, an Olimpia Morata, if I knew them to be in the right.”

“They were both noble women, divine women,” said he; “however, we must allow them to have been a little heretical; and I don’t wish you, child, to be that. ’Tis ugly and unfeminine. However, for the present occasion, here is something quite in your own way—sound divinity, I give you my word for it. Here have I written thirty or

forty pages, and shall perhaps write as many more, to defend my conviction that the Scriptures must be read by the light of common sense, and that it is in reality as difficult to reconcile the Ptolemaic as the Copernican system to the expressions contained in them. You shall make a fair copy for me; for, in spite of what I said to the boys one day about a wise man writing a legible hand, my own, I confess it, is as crabbed as the Aristotelian dialectics."

So to work I went, and have yet much to complete. The letter is to the Grand Duchess Cristina. I may be partial, but I think he handles his difficult subject admirably. He expresses his conviction that the Scriptures were designed to instruct us concerning our salvation, not to teach us science or philosophy;—the powers of our own minds were given us for that. By

patience and labour a man may discover the course of the planets, whether he do so or not; and is therefore left to his unassisted reason; but he could never discover the scheme of his redemption, therefore it is revealed to him.

Salviati dined with us to-day. My father read him what he had written. He approved of it as a piece of reasoning, but said he feared it would only increase the irritation of his enemies; and recommended the softening of one or two expressions, observing, "You must bear in mind, my Galileo, that not only sarcasm, but genius itself, requires, by such minds as these, to be forgiven."

I am beginning to learn logic, and like it extremely; only that my father, who is

amused at my facility in illustrating every new term, says, he fears my head is too full of complex images at present for that of a good logician.

— He is cited to appear at Rome! Oh heaven, what will be the issue of this? Will he hold out? will he recant? What can I do but pray?

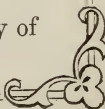
. . . And what will not prayer do? What has it not done? Oh God, strengthen him in this hour!

— I am to go into San Matteo till his return. *Till* his return! Will he ever?

How selfish, how sentimental were my late griefs, compared with this!—This is sorrow.

He is gone. We had a short but eager conversation before he departed ; and I tremble to say I think he vacillates. What a strait for a daughter . . . to have no alternative but to wish her loved father may abide the vengeance of the Inquisition, or that he may abjure the truth ! No, I cannot !—I cannot wish the first ; but I will not, dare not wish the last ! Oh my father ! if I could suffer for you !

[A pause of some months in Maria's journal leaves us to suppose her with her sister, Ginevra, in the convent of San Matteo, during Galileo's first citation to appear before the Inquisition, which assembled to consider the charges against him in February, 1615. They were to the effect that he maintained the motion of the earth and the stability of



the sun, in contradiction to the canon of Scripture—that he taught this doctrine to his pupils, corresponded on the subject with German mathematicians, and had published remarks on it, with Scriptural references, addressed to Mark Velser. Galileo was sentenced to renounce these obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself that he would neither teach, defend, nor publish them in future, or else to be cast into prison . . . and he recanted, and was dismissed.

These proceedings kept Galileo in Rome till the following March. The Pope, regarding him as reclaimed, received him graciously, his society was courted, and he was completely *in fashion* during his brief triumph, delighting all listeners by the wit, sarcasm, and brilliancy of his conversation. Meantime, an arrow had pierced his daughter's heart: it rankled with a poison that

was slowly to consume her. He had forfeited her respect and esteem, while she loved him as tenderly, more compassionately than ever. At length he returns ; and she returns to him and to her studies ; but the sunshine of her life is gone. Add to this, her lengthened stay in the convent has strengthened her religious impressions, which begin to be tinctured with mysticism, and she has a strong desire to take the veil.]

. . . My father combats this desire with all his powers of reasoning and persuasion, which are immense, and makes the conventual system appear so useless and despicable, that, at times, I have not a single reply to make ; and yet it is the only refuge of a broken heart. Besides, I cannot tell him, nor any one but my confessor,

what has poisoned my life; and am I to abandon him to a cheerless old age for one great fault, one weakness of character? How can I?

— Besides, he is ill now, and requires me as a nurse; and is not ministry to the sick one of the acts of mercy? I may fulfil it in a spirit as completely unworldly as if I had abjured the world. He requires my constant exercise of such powers of amusement as I possess; for the appearance of these three comets, which are attracting the attention of all the philosophers of Europe, and which he is unable to see, continually occupies the mind of my dear restless father, whenever I cannot otherwise divert it. And though he cannot make a single observation upon them, he has, nevertheless, contrived to involve himself in the many disputes they have occasioned, and obliges

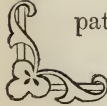
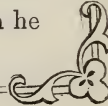
me to act as his amanuensis, while he makes himself feverish by dictating a prodigiously long letter, if it swell not even into a book, addressed to Virginio Cesarini.

The sight of my father's right eye is much impaired from over use, and it weighs on his spirits to think that he may even lose it altogether. This prevents his amusing himself as he might otherwise do, by reading in bed, but we play chess together a good deal, though he beats me too often to find me a very exciting antagonist. But my attention strays to other things; and then we begin talking, and go on from one subject to another, till we forget the game, which is no great matter as long as he also forgets his pains and his apprehensions. Seeing him thus dependent on me, how can I think of leaving him? Besides, I fancy I have a sort of mission, as regards his soul:

I never dispute with him if I can help it ; but neither do I ever neglect an opportunity of saying a word in season. Thus, one day, when we had just concluded a little dialogue, I dropped the remark quite simply, "It seems to me that a capacity for reasoning increases the capacity for believing." He chewed the cud, so to say, a good while upon this. Another time I said, "Applying, of course, as you do, father, in mechanics as well as ethics, the principle of great things to small ones." He said nothing at the time ; but a few days after, when there was question of sending some false excuse about a trifle, he recast his message—"for the sake, Miss Maria," said he, "of 'applying the principle of great things to small ones!'" Ah, my dear father ! I wish that you had always resolution to do this ! It is the lie, not the *occasion* of it, of which

we can *never* say, "Is it not a little one?"

The good Archbishop of Florence is fond of coming to see him, and sometimes plays chess with him. So do Monsignori Piccolomini, Medici, and Ciampoli: and they contribute very much to his amusement, as long as conversation does not degenerate into controversy. On these occasions I retire to my embroidery frame, but dare not go beyond call. This exposes me to some society I could very well spare—that of Rinuccini and Sertini, for example, both of whom have offered me marriage, and neither of whom will take no for a negative. This makes me feel the defencelessness of my situation: sure, never was woman so entirely without female friends! I cannot think how it is, for my father is very much patronised by women of high birth when he

goes into society ; but I suppose they are too grand to take notice of his daughter, and I suppose my mother's connections were too low for him to like me to take notice of them. I wonder I have thought so little about this.

I was turning in my mind what I had just written, when my father, rousing up, said, " Maria ! what are you musing about ? "

I said, " I was thinking how strange it is never to have known the care of a mother. "

" The care of a mother ? " repeated he, turning restlessly on his pillow, " why, have not you always had the care of a loving father ? Is there anything, child, you would wish me to have done that I have neglected to do for you ? "

I took his hand, and said, " Oh no, dear father ! I am sorry I told my thought—only you asked me, you know ; and people

will have futile thoughts and wishes, sometimes."

After a pause, during which I thought he was sleeping, he said, feelingly, "I had hoped, my poor, sweet child, that Monna Lisa had never let you feel the want of a mother."

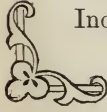
"Ah! she is very good! very kind!" said I. "Very dearly do I love her; but yet not as I could love a mother. For you know, dear father, she has no mind, no education."

"No, indeed," said he, very decidedly. "Never had, nor never will have!" And, turning about, went to sleep.

[Maria's susceptible spirit was doomed, from this period, to have little rest or peace. Knitted, with the closest, purest affection, to a soul which, with all its mighty powers,

was less holy, less self-sacrificing, less courageous than her own, she was torn and harassed by ineffectual or conflicting emotions. Now, her own peculiar position; now, the new provocations which Galileo gave his enemies; now the dread that he would be unable, any more than before, to abide the wrath he so carelessly provoked, preyed on the heart, and ruined the health of this poor girl; till her father, reluctantly compelled to believe that she was pining for the convent, and that there were mental trials which science might fail and religion might succeed in alleviating, consented to her entering on her novitiate. Before she took the black veil, he provoked the enmity of the Inquisition anew, by publishing his defence of the Copernican system, in four dialogues, brilliantly and convincingly written, but preceded by an "Address to the

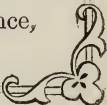
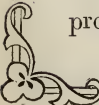
Prudent Reader," which is of itself a masterpiece of imprudence. The insulting and irritating terms in which he spoke of the decree under which he had formerly suffered, were not such as the Romish Church could endure. The Tuscan ambassador, at Rome, was instructed to obtain for Galileo a written statement of the charges against him, that he might prepare his defence ; but even the friendship of the Grand Duke of Tuscany could not procure him this favour. He was summoned to Rome, which he reached in a state of severe ill-health ; his arrival was officially announced to the Holy Office, and he was hospitably entertained by the Tuscan ambassador, till the time fixed for his trial arrived, when he was removed, not into a solitary dungeon, but into apartments in the house of the fiscal of the Inquisition.



Galileo's defence, being an evasive one, was not considered by his judges to have any weight, but rather to aggravate his offence. The fact was, there was a mighty point at issue, the truth of which they altogether disbelieved, and the truth of which he was unprepared to die or to suffer for. Therefore, they decreed, and he submitted to, a disgraceful and entire recantation of the facts that were burnt into his very soul. On the 22nd of June, 1633, he was clothed in a penitential dress, and conducted into the presence of the Inquisition. A long and elaborate sentence was pronounced, detailing his repeated delinquencies, and reminding him of the penalties they justly deserved, but absolving him from all those consequences, if, with a sincere heart and unfeigned repentance, he should abjure and curse the heresies he had cherished, as well

as every other heresy against the Catholic Church. At the same time, that he might not go altogether unpunished, but be a salutary warning to others to abstain from like offences, his Dialogues were to be publicly prohibited, he was to be condemned to the prison of the Inquisition during its pleasure, and, for the three following years, he was to recite once a week the seven penitential psalms.

The scene that followed had a terrible solemnity and abasement in it. Clad in a penitent's sackcloth, the mighty, self-relying philosopher and genius fell upon his knees, and, with his hands laid on the Holy Evangelists, declared that he abjured, detested, and would never again teach the doctrine of the sun's stability and the earth's motion. Having confirmed his oath in writing, and promised to perform the enjoined penance,



he rose from his knees, a pardoned man ; and, turning about to one of his friends, stamped on the ground, and pronounced, in an emphatic whisper, "EPPURE SI MUOVE." He was then, in conformity with his sentence, reconveyed to the prison of the Inquisition. Could he have looked the stars in the face that night ? Not with an untroubled mind.

His sentence of abjuration was ordered to be publicly read at the several universities. At Florence, his disciples and friends were especially cited to hear their leader's recantation proclaimed in Santa Croce. Some of his adherents were reprimanded ; others, deprived of their official situations.

Galileo had remained only four days in imprisonment, when he was permitted to reside with certain of his friends, on condition of his restricting himself to the limits

of their palaces. In the course of a few months, he was furthermore permitted, by the indulgence of the Inquisition, to return to his own house, at Arcetri.]

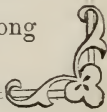
VINCENZIO GALILEI TO VITTORIO VIVIANI.*

“You will grieve, my Viviani, to hear that we have lost our Maria. Her health had, as you are aware, long been undermined; and the grief and suspense occasioned by my father’s citation and sentence, but, above all, the extreme shame she felt at what she considered the ignominy of his recantation, broke her too feeling heart! . . . She was struck down, as if by the

* *Vincenzio Viviani*, who has left us a brief biographical sketch of Galileo, did not become an inmate of his family till after Maria’s death.

fall of some heavy weight, the moment she heard of it; but, presently rallying what little strength she had, she undertook for him what she had good reason for doubting his ever performing for himself—the weekly recitation of the seven penitential psalms. The fulfilment of this sacred duty was well suited to her tender nature; and I am well assured that the chapel pavement was never bathed with the tears of profounder humiliation than those which, in her vicarious office, she poured forth for him. After some months of this penitential exercise, she was acquainted by us with the news of his approaching return, and was permitted by her abbess to welcome him home. Alas! that meeting, so coveted by both, was only one of sobs and heart-breaking sighs. His thought was only for her; hers only for him. She immediately sickened, and, to her inexpress-

sible grief, was unable to continue the prosecution of her pious, self-imposed penance. My father, seeing her languish, instantly lost his accustomed energy of nature; and his old and painful complaints returned upon him with increased severity. During the few weeks she was permitted to continue in this world, they were seldom apart. I have heard him reading the appointed psalms to her in a voice stifled with emotion. She, on her part, lived but in his presence, continually gazed on him, held his hand, and, from time to time, addressed to him short sentences of counsel and comfort. At last, the weary spirit fled to a realm where tears will be known no more. The bulwarks of my father's heart then seemed to break down altogether; his manliness was continually quenched in floods of bitter weeping; and his eyesight, which has long

been departing, has certainly been impaired by the many tears he has shed. He is now waning away so fast that I fear we shall hardly save him. His pulse intermits, his appetite is gone, and he fancies himself continually called by Maria. So strongly has the impression of his impending dissolution taken hold of him that he will not let me quit him, to make a hasty journey to you.

“Oh, my Viviani! what a sister, what a companion have we lost! I say *we*, for she was once as much so to you as to me, and we all three passed the happiest of our youthful hours together. How graceful she was; how winning!* how quick of apprehension! how lively in fancy! how cheerful, unaffected and unselfish! You may remember she often shielded us from rebuke,

* Come leggiadra! come graziosa!

often made sweet excuses for us, and always put the kindest construction upon everything. Never did we hear an ill-natured sarcasm from her lips ; she took no pleasure in hearing the defects of others recapitulated, nor in contributing to their uneasiness. On the contrary, to see others afflicted, however deservedly, always made her unhappy. Her genius was carried with an utter unconsciousness of possessing it. I have seen Cigoli admiring her graceful attitudes and charming countenance with perfect impunity. To be beautiful is not, necessarily, to be vain ; I have known some of the handsomest women the least conceited. Her piety seemed spontaneous to her ; she was a saint out of the cloister, she would have been a saint in it, and now she is a saint in heaven. But why do I say all this to you, who entertained for her the

most cordial brotherly affection? She bade me remember her kindly to you; and I enclose you a ringlet of your old playmate's hair. Farewell!"



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